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Valentines.

TO A LADY.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST.
BY EDGAR A. POE.

Peace to thee Lady! For in that word Peace,
Is all we know of bliss. And as the Hours
Troop by thee, "many there footsteps fall on flowers,"
And voices by the happiest murmur.
Kind Angels hold their watch thy pathway o'er,
And benedictions ever sanctify
And dove-like Innocence, on gentle wing
To thy pure heart doth blest contentment bring.
These crowns ministers have more power to bless,
But not more truth to wait than mortal may possess.

TO E——.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST.
BY E. H. D.

I need not stand my case,
My reasons are written in your face;
I use not sensitive hope or rhyme,
The smoke of insincerity,
Such trifling arts for cupidity,
Dedits not you nor I.

I ask not for the wordly wealth
Which deceives only to betray,
Nor simply this poor body's health,
Which sickens sooner but for a day
But—that abiding joy,
Which fadeth not away.

Original Tales.

THE TEMPTATION;
OR,
Who is to Blame?

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST,
BY T. S. ARTHUR.

CHAPTER I.

Mr. and Mrs. Algeron had resolved to give the first large party of the season. They were rich, and could afford to lead off in splendid style—and this they intended to do.

It is time our invitations were out," said Mrs. Algeron to her husband, about ten days before the evening fixed for the brilliant affair, "and you may get in advance of us."

"Very true. Well, suppose we issue out our list at once, and have our cards ready to send by to-morrow morning's mail."

"I think we should delay no longer. First, then, comes Mr. and Mrs. Turner, their son and beautiful daughter Grace."

"Of course. They will give a new interest to the social circle this winter. Grace I think one of the loveliest young creatures I have ever seen."

"She is indeed a sweet girl. So modest, yet free from diffidence. So accomplished and intelligent, and yet so gracefully retiring. I look upon her as a model for our daughters."

"I have thought, sometimes, that I could have seen her more than usually animated in conversation, that she resembled Margaretta," said the Mother, "but the eldest child, a gentle girl of eighteen summers.

"I have also thought the same," Mrs. Algeron replied, "and sometimes I could have passed over her face. "Our Margaretta is a dear, good girl, and every one thinks her beautiful."

"If as good as she is beautiful we need not complain."

"As a child she has ever been to me all I could wish." Mrs. Algeron returned, while her voice trembled, and her eyes grew dim with affection. "But she is now a woman, and this remark, and then she added, with a smile, though a bright drop glistened on her eyelash as she spoke,

"We cannot hope always to keep the dear girl with us. She will be wooed and won in the bloom and bashfulness of youth, and will be taken from us at the moment our love has grown deeper and purer than ever."

"I think of that daily," Mr. Algeron replied, in a voice of tender interest. "We cannot hope, as you say, long to keep her with us. She will be wooed and won—but by whom? That's the doubtful question! Of all the young men I have seen, there is but one to whom I could resign that sweet child without a pang—and that one is Henry Turner. He is worthy of her hand.

"And she of his," added the fond and patient mother.

"I believe so."

"We must only hope for the best. They will be thrown much into each other's company this winter, and be drawn together. I trust, by a mutual attraction. But who shall we put down next? Let me see."

"The Marklands."

"Oh, yes—they must come next."

"But what about Sidney Markland? You know he has seized very badly during the summer."

"True—but oh cannot pass him by. It would be a direct offence in the family," Mrs. Algeron replied, with decision.

"It would, no doubt. But his character is so bad, and his principles so loose, that I feel a most unpleasant hesitancy in inviting him."

"But you know he is so handsome and accomplished, and adds so much to the life and enjoyment of a company. I really don't see how he could be spared, under any circumstances. Apart, however, from that, I could not think of wounding his sister and mother by so marked a reference to his recent bad conduct. It must be galling enough to them as it is."

"Yes, galling enough. But," resumed Mr. Algeron, "it is a question in my mind how far we are justified in discarding entirely from Sidney Markland into the social circle. Conduct like his, should meet the penalty of its most censorious society."

"If he stood alone, this could and ought to be done," Mrs. Algeron replied. "But he is the son of Mr. Markland, and we cannot exclude him. To his family it would be a mortal offence. Think, now, if he once our own son, how we would feel to have him shut from good society. I am sure that I could not bear it."

"It would be, I know, a hard trial. Still, if one of my sons should act so base a part as Sidney Markland has acted, I would not shrink right in complain if all the world shunned him. Look at poor Mrs. Spencer! I never meet her that my heart runs out unto her. Mr. Turner never met her that I do not utter an involuntary malediction upon the destroyer of her peace."

"Still, you must acknowledge that her daughter Sarah was equally to blame with the young man."

"I know nothing of the circumstances attending the case. I know only that he has robbed a poor widowed mother of her only child, and made that child a curse instead of a blessing to the world. I know, moreover, that he is a most vile and abandoned character. A spendthrift villain. A black-hearted destroyer of innocence."

"Don't—don't, Mr. Algeron, speak so harshly," his wife said, depressingly, "Sidney is but a very young man."

"So much the worse. A deliberate villain at his age, gives a wretched promise for the future. The fact is, he ought to be excluded from virtuous society. He is a dangerous man—a serpent with a charming eye, and a poisonous fang. I really think, now I begin to reflect more seriously upon the subject, that we ought not to invite him. We will give the first party. Let us set the example of excluding the vicious and unprincipled. If we invite him, we do it in some degree the responsibility of introducing to the young and virtuous daughters of our friends, a man whose character and habits we detest. I think, with whom we would on more trust our own child, than we would with an evil spirit. Let us stand up with virtuous integrity and put the ban upon him. It is full time that the social atmosphere was purified from the pestilent breath of such men as Sidney Markland!"

"I feel the force of all you say," was the reply of Mrs. Algeron, "but still, I do not think we could meet any real responsibility in which you speak. Mr. and Mrs. Markland would never forgive us. Nor do I believe we would be sustained in the exclusion we proposed. Let somebody else act first in this matter—somebody not so intimate as we are with the Marklands."

"Well, let it be as you think best," was the acquiescing reply of Mr. Algeron, more than half relieved from the responsibility he decided, in get rid of the responsibility he had been, a moment before, for assuming.

In a beautifully embossed card, in a fancy envelope, was left at Mr. Turner's on the day succeeding that on which the Algerons had concluded to cast their invitations. This card contained "Mr. and Mrs. Algeron's compliments," &c. &c., all in due form. Mrs. Turner was standing by her lovely daughter at one of the window, in a musing attitude, when her husband came in about the hour of twilight, and handed the card to her. She was a merchant who had removed to Philadelphia from New York about a year before. Mrs. Turner reached from the card without speaking. He looked at it, smiled, and handed it back to her, remarking as he did so,

"We must go, of course."

"Oh, certainly. But the principle of action we have laid down for ourselves will, doubtless, be violated in this case."

"Well! Let the trial come, we must bear it with patient firmness. We have carefully weighed the matter well, and our conclusion is the result of a deliberate conviction, that it is the only safe course for ourselves, and the only honest one towards others."

"Yes, of that, I am satisfied. Our social atmosphere needs purification."

"Indeed it does. Our conduct, however, business—on principles, however false and dangerous, are considered sufficient to exclude any one from their social circle, but in the family connexions are thrown into the opposing scale—is it any wonder, then, that year after year the stream becomes more impure? Men are reputed rich, are wooed and won by specious woundrels, and their hearts crushed or their confidence betrayed, and yet no one thinks of punishing the villain. And have we the courage to say that our dear child will not become the prey of some designing wretch, who may be thus introduced to our family circle by unsuspecting heart? None at all, as society is now constituted! A friend invites our daughter to his house, and in the same time invites a young man, because he is respectably connected, who is as base as evil lives and evil associations can make him. The two meet frequently thrown together. He wins her heart, because he wishes to make a wealthy marriage, and he knows that the surest way to the heart is her, but for the wealth and standing she brings him. Gaining these, what is she to him but an encumbrance, or, at best, but a necessary evil. Would that this picture were a false one! But it is, alas! too true—and the contemplation of it makes my heart ache."

"That vile young man, Sidney Markland, I am very much afraid, will be emboldened still by the sake of his family," remarked Mrs. Turner.

"Most probable. We can hardly depend upon the Algerons to exclude him. They are rather too much disposed to go with the mass. And besides, they are on terms of a good deal of intimacy with the Markland. Well, if he is at their party, we will have to retire with Grace. Our minds are made up to that."

"More or less painfully. In such a course will be, I see no other for us to take."

"There a no other. We must protect our child, at all hazards. Ah! more than this, seeing as we do, clearly, the dangerous effects that flow from the present state of things, we are bound in duty to do what we can to set our faces against it. Some one must lead the way in this matter—and why not we?"

The last question, forming the text for a full discussion, came round. It was eight o'clock when the carriage of Mr. Turner drove up, and Grace, leaning on the arm of her father, entered the Algerons' saloon. She was gayly attired in the costume of the period, and looked lovely enough to excite admiration in the most unobservant. Her self-possession, and the ease and grace with which she moved among the company, showed that she was not unaccustomed to such scenes. She spoke of books, and quoted brief, but eloquent passages from their favorite authors, all in some way pertinent to the animated scene around them. In a little while she had proved the possessor of many admirers, and her heart beat high as one after another, both men and women, came to converse with her.

Mr. Turner's heart bounded with a sudden and painful throb, as he quickly arose to his feet, and passed into the other parlor. What he had feared was indeed too true! There stood Markland, with Grace upon his arm, who was listening with a beaming face to his words, that, whatever they were, seemed to her painfully pleasing. His first impulse was to separate them instantly, and, with open indignation, to lash the young man's base conduct with a censorious severity from the path of his child. But the dictate of prudence prevailed. Quietly retiring into the front room he had left, he looked in his wife amid a group of ladies, and drawing her aside, whispered in her ear the startling intelligence. Mrs. Turner did not hesitate a moment. She was quickly by the side of Grace, and bowing coldly to Markland, led her from his encouraging presence. She then passed with her out of the rooms without attracting observation. It was nearly half an hour before any one missed her absence, during that time they were in their own home. To Grace, this seemed a strange proceeding, until her mother told her she was alone with her in their chamber, told her that the young man she had been conversing and promenading with, was Sidney Markland, and that her father had determined not to remain in any company where he was invited.

"No—that will not do, mother, you must be mistaken." That was not Sidney Markland."

"Who was it, then?"

"Mr. Markland. That, if her mother was not introduced to me. But he was a very different kind of a person from young Markland, I am sure."

"Not at all different, my child," was the reply, "but as different as possible. He is intelligent, attractive young man—but at heart, unprincipled and corrupt."

This to Grace seemed inexplicable. She had never before met the profligate son of Mr. Markland, although she had frequently heard of him. Her idea of his personal appearance and manners, had conformed almost entirely with her impression of his moral character. It seemed to her, now, impossible that one so interesting—indeed, so really fascinating as was the young man who had been holding her arm for nearly an hour, could be the base wretch he was represented. Sidney Markland was the first gentleman addition of wealth and family think of her brilliant companion of that evening with any feelings of dislike.

Grace was young, and too apparent incredulity of Grace, troubled Mrs. Turner exceedingly. She felt more deeply than ever, the dangers that surrounded her child, and the little power that child—for the child of every parent, while on lines of moral distinctness were drawn. But the first fearful addition of wealth and family, had made the passport into any circle. She did not, however, press the subject on the mind of Grace further than to assure her that she had been in company with none other than the young profligate, whose course of conduct for some time past, had been such as to justly exclude him from virtuous society.

The brother of Grace, a young man of twenty-one, although he had been carefully guarded by his father, did not know of his sister's withdrawal by her parents from the party, until near two hours after it took place. Her glanced hastily around for him when about leaving, but not observing him, did not care to look very closely. He would be sure to come home to him more fully on the next day, and then leave him, as he was of mature age, to act in the manner according to his own will and mind. He had fallen, soon after his entrance into the company of Margaretta Algeron. She had been his favorite for some years, and now she seemed more interesting than usual. In her society the moments flew by unnoted; and when the announcement that he was intruding too long one of the most charming girls in the room, until Sidney Markland came up, and with his usual polite assurance, said,

"Come, come, Mr. Turner! This won't do! Here you've been playing the agreeable to Miss Algeron for an hour past, while some half a dozen of us young fellows have been watching for a chance to speak to her. Allow me, if you please, to take your place,—turn about, you know, is fair play."

Turner perceived in Margaretta a slight uneasiness that indicated a strong sense of Markland's words, as flattering to herself, and bowing with a forced smile, relinquished her. This was the first intimation he had that Markland was in the room. He immediately went in search of his sister: but not finding her readily, he concluded that she had left with her mother. They were out to be found either. The truth instantly crossed his mind. His first impulse was to order the carriage, but a second thought, a reason of which he could hardly explain to himself,

CHAPTER II.

"Ah! Good morning, Sid!" said a friend of young Markland's to him, as they accidentally met in Chesnut street one morning about ten days after the party at Mr. Algeron's. "You look charmingly, believe!"

"Yes. It's the early bird, you know, that catches the worm."

"Indeed! Then you're on another scent? But take care you do not bark up the wrong tree."

"Never fear. I don't often make mistakes."

"And your game?"

"Is worth catching, I can assure you."

"Where is it to be found?"

"One of the sweetest girls in town. A prize, let me tell you, if there is any virtue in beauty and innocence."

"You're enigmatical."

"And you are dull. Ha'n't I told you about the one I intend to make at the last party?"

"Oh, yes! Miss Algeron. But what do you mean?" The friend looked grave as he asked the question.

Neither of the new unhappy parents of a fascinating child, could trace their own want of firmness, and failure to adhere to their principles of action, had placed in imminent danger, a child so beautiful, so loved, became lost in painful thought: and each was reproaching self for speaking.

There was in the manner in which this was said a something that caused Mrs. Algeron to look further inquisitively at her friend. It would be worse than useless and insulting to confide Margaretta to her rigid calculations. Her family knew alone to her chamber, she sought her husband and related to him the result of her interview. Never had either of them in all their previous lives found themselves in such a strait—never had any afflictors that had befallen them so utterly prostrated their mental energies—so deeply wounded them as this. And added to their pain of mind, was the rebuking consciousness that they alone were to blame for the whole of this. That all the wretchedness which must inevitably be their daughter's portion if she should finally wed, in spite of them, this profligate young man, who was altogether incapable of truly loving one like her, must be chargeable to them.

The only thing they could now do, was to take such judicious courses to prevent their daughter from again meeting young Markland, as would not establish a demand of an explanation of his father's wealth, he considered all explanation so necessary as the effect of mere parsimony on the part of his parent: and let pass as opportunity. But if there existed contempt for such paltry admonitions. He had not spirit enough to resent any prank which might cause his dismissal; and by cause and duty base and subterfuge wanted off the consequences of his misdemeanors, until at the end of the college term, he formed one of the units which swelled the aggregate of the graduates of 18—. He was ready to enter life with a most enviable facility for throwing away money, at the same time that John Stadder, a needy, lonely, intelligent, and well-informed lacuer, was ready to begin to make a figure in the little world in which he had grown up, unconscious of any wider one.

Sister Burton died. Even country justices cannot arrest death's mittimus, and the terror of all the vagrants, the bugbear of all naughty boys, and the Blackbeard of all litigious sots, in the neighborhood was laid in a house as narrow as Scudder's mother's, whom he had followed to her long home a few months previously. That boy young man retained the affectionate concern for each other—for rather Burton retained his. Stadder was more magnanimous. But each had by this time learned something of the early history of their parents. Jack knew that their fathers had been partners—and he knew that common report ascribed the prosperity of his father to dishonesty. He did not therefore however hate the one, though he was far from liking him. Young Burton knew from certain evidence which he never took pains to conceal, that Stadder's father had possessed himself of all the assets of the firm—of the great man, at whose name all nations trembled, and to whose legal knowledge and magisterial power, the whole circumjacent circle of sages miles about his residence, looked unhesitatingly for advice.

So you've been stealing apples, sir!" said Mr. Burton in authority, at once prejudging the case.

No I ain't."

Stoning the trees, then," persisted the Squire, in a sterner voice, as it enraged at the impudent culprit's audacity.

No I ain't."

He, you are going to, father," said young hopeful.

No I was!"

"You've committed a trespass then, at any rate!" said Mr. Burton, with a sudden admission of the lad's innocence, by his sec.

"Oh—well—don't let me catch you on my land again. Begone, sir!"

John did not wait to be told this—but was out of the Squire's well kept grounds in a moment. The boy asked some very exact questions, why his father did not hang the poor boy at least—a question, replied a servant, implanted as his father's address in ragged John had been angry, he took good care not to prove the matter. Some time after, he asked Jack why he did not like to hear Stadder's name, and his friend replied, that he knew that his hard faced old man gave his coat a double bottom, and he would not wear one for the way to the village, striking his cane violently on the bare ground, no one would have fancied that Squire Burton was afraid of the ragged object who looked up with fear and trembling, as the man of authority would let him. There was apparently something in the atmosphere of such dwellings the other could not abide. The boy was sensible of no feeling but a fear he could not account for. The man near why he hated Jack Stadder.

Young Stadder was in all hopeful a way to be ruined, as his worst enemy could desire. Indeed, he had done so, for neither skill nor industry and authority could not keep him to a proper course—for very excellent reasons. In the first place, though sickening was free, he could not avail himself of it—for if his pride would have permitted, his pocket would not, but would not. His mother could not dress him like other boys, and as our republican country, lads at school take the same care as their seniors, parents and guardians, that all gentlemen are treated free and equal, young Stadder was ragged—there was an impossibility to be read and studied. Algeb was a pillar in the church, the parish and the town: for he had a good wife. A wise woman buildeth her house. Her husband is known in the gates, when he sitteth among the elders of the land: the lesketh well to the ways of her household, and eateth not the bread of idleness. The rattling ineffable basket of an ungrated for boy in the vicinity, is about the watering trough and the stables of the village inn—and to this retreat did John run as readily as ducks to the water. The farmers would not resent the undertaken: and the jolly bemasters would sooner give him a pail of water than pull his ears: a dip of licence in inclination very considerable, when the comfort of the suspected culprit came to be regarded. That the mental lessons acquired in such a school, were of the best, we shall not undertake to say. To young Stadder they were certainly anything but agreeable—for the lessons morals as comfortably upon him as his loose and ragged garments. His customs of mind were those of the stall-mates and not of the most rigid; and if he had not actually stolen, he had seen those who had done so, and the distinction to do so, as alleged by young Burton. In short, he did not know that he was wrong—and he was a most unconscionable little rogue though he had been taught to know, but from the mere force of circumstances.

The boy was cheerfully in the Squire's road, and his walk took him past it three or four times a day. Jack Scudder had been in the habit of looking at the fine trees in the Squire's park, and of lounging in the shade of the large trees at that time, during the summer, ever since he could run alone. He was, as it were, a part of the establishment—the favorite of the cook and as such did Burton had passed him a thousand times, without giving him a second look. Now however, that he knew his name, he could not apparently keep his eyes off him: and as Jack was a pail at once, and a fine boy of his age, of intence in inclination very considerable, when the comfort of the suspected came to be duly regarded. That the mental lessons acquired in such a school were of the best, we shall not undertake to say. To young Stadder they were certainly anything but agreeable—for the lessons morals as comfortably upon him as his loose and ragged garments. His customs of mind were those of the stall-mates and not of the most rigid; and if he had not actually stolen, he had seen those who had done so, and the distinction to do so, as alleged by young Burton. In short, he did not know that he was wrong—and he was a most unconscionable little rogue though he had been taught to know, but from the mere force of circumstances.

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Original Tales.

CONCLUSION NEXT WEEK.

Original Poetry.

THE MESSAGE.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST.

Majestic, solemn, awe-inspiring night—
With glittering dome like sky, and heavens bright
With vestal fires, and with the smile of angels,
Whose sparkling pages man's weak drained soul aspires
To turn to read—it time art then to die.
Or come to bid us sadness and despair cry,
And o'er a path by grim-like systems strewn,
Where no fresh flight and kneel of God's high throne
Faintest and sinners flame the tide of life.

Calder and whiter grows that wasted form,
And not a sun, or star, or moon, that could strife
Must close. That change in the sunlight warm—
The cold worm as, the young of life, the day,
Within the cold, dark, cheerless grave to lay—
Is the fate of the human's soul all pure and free.
Then gone to meet the early kneel and dead.

A sister's husband sits that dying one
Beside, but wears the smooth willow, by
Affection's hand placed there, its leaves have strewn

Upon her grave. His path among the high
Places of earth, has almost ceased half
Has often heard his voice. Forgetful all
Of these, with worthless pomps and gentle hand,
Beside the sick man's couch he takes his stand
A sister's painfully low it comes. Too long,
Too lonely, brother I have clung to life
For it was hard, so young to break those strong
Embraces, that had bad on, for strife
Of manhood's selfishness has crept the bright
Fair morn of early manhood almost light.
Or crushed the glowing hopes and impulse high.
That first youth's bounding pulse and restrained eye
To earth—yet I have so much to say,
Bending from yonder sky a sister calls,
A mother bids me leave this wearied clay
And that kind hand whose name sought song the halls
Of living remained. Oh weak thy child
Has been grieved! Oh though thy ever mild
And suffering Son I seek thy throne. Farewell
My brother, and with mild voice I shall dwell.

Then spoke that watcher. Angel forms I know
Are waiting there, and fairest made that hand
Of angels's love. And then with quickly go
To dwell with her, in that fair, fadeless land.
Where no more sorrow, nor sin, nor death can
No chorus. Along whose sunny hill the fair
Of deathless song, in full high chorus rolls,
The angels hosted harvest of blessed bright smile.

Tell her I'm weary of this lonely life,
And that my sick, and soul is yearning still
For all the sweet, enduring love in vain
Alone can give. And say that in the chill
Of the midnight air her voice grieves I've had
And called her by our changeless love, and bade
Her to my side, and that I've waited long
And watched me as her words went lowering by
I must her when the day's dull labor's o'er
Her gentle voice and her her me with light
Quick step hastening to greet me. Now no more,
Oh! I am weary and sleeping earth the night
Has thrown her veil, the bright fires burning call
Their warmth and gladness in my heart, for all
That loved me once are gone. among the sand
On earth's cold bosom sleeps that wearied head.

When sunset colors the sky or all its trail
Of purple beauty, and the last faint star
Steals out from heaven, when the gentle gale
Of eve's perfumes makes them sigh
And hearing on its wings the music tones
Of many brilliant comes the flickering breath.
And by my eyes strange light I know for her
To speak to me, or to caress me. Has God
Overcome the force of earth? Oh! then come see
The angel face; tell me are not those eyes
Like hers? Is not that smile of love the same
In woman's human formed on me? Does not
Her whisper kindness to me as once it did?

No answer came, for he had lost the power
To speak; but as it lay within his own,
He gently pressed that watcher's hand—for she
Had come—a gentle sigh—before the throne
Of God he stood. And went where the stars
Of life lent heavenly on him with a tone.
Unseen and free his path that watcher trod
For he had death upon his forehead—high God

Brevities.

BEAUTIFUL THOUGHT.—Childhood is like a mirror, catching and reflecting images all around it. Sometimes an impress is made of pure thought, uttered by a parent's lip, may remain on a young heart, like a delicate spray of water thrown upon polished steel. It will fade away, but leave behind it a mark.

A DOLLAR DROPPED into the sea cannot be found again; but one cast a lost hour be regained. Once lost, it is lost forever. Napoleon once said he never knew any of his soldiers sleep. My lads, every hour of lead time is a chance for future misfortune."

SECRET OF A BLESSING.—But government is only a necessary evil. It is like dress—a badge of distinction. It may entail trust upon other, they would need no government. It is a fallen law on the ruins of Paradise."

A GERANIUM AT THE WINDOW.—It was the remark of Leigh Hunt, that it sweetens the air, rejoices the eye, looks you more tastele and innocence, and is something to love.

A GOOD TEMPER, a good library, a good wife and a good friend, are four of the choicest blessings of human life.

ILL TEMPER puts as many briefs into the lawyer's bag as injustice.

The Sketcher.

THE SQUIRE'S SON,
AND
The Widow's Boy.

BY H. HASTINGS WELD.

"Hit him again—he has not any friends!" said he to a famous way cry, or rather fun cry in our schoolboy days. So it is still; and more especially in the generous motto upon which the world proceeds. Your rich fellow may thrive in constant iniquity, your man of powerful connexions may do with right and wrong as he pleases, always keeping the blind side of the law, to escape conviction of overt acts. Not so with the poor rogue. Precedilloes even, the MATTER himself, is disbarred, while the practice of bigger and more profitable sins is absolutely entirely above his privilege. The wretched vagrant goes to the penitentiary for stealing a loaf of bread, to keep from starving; the rich social tyrannizes the property of the widow and orphan to his already amply filled coffers, and he must not only forbear from questioning the act, but from doubting the motive.

"Come along!" screamed Master Bottne, as he dragged a poor ragged boy home, whom he had caught in the orchard. "Come along, you little thief, you, for father says he will not be plundered any longer."

The little wretch, who saw the folly of resisting a lad twice his size, submitted with no opposition, but such a hanging back as should compel the bully to call all his strength to drag him. He ventured to remark, save a constant repetition of the protestation that he "had not done any thing." Young Burton was resolute, and pulled him up to the house, just as his father came out with hat and cane to go to his office. The poor boy made no more resistance, and no attempt to escape, but stood in terror before Squire Burton, who was the magnate of the village—the great man, at whose name all the foreigners quailed, and to whose legal knowledge and magisterial power, the whole circumjacent circle of sages miles about his residence, looked unhesitatingly for advice.

"So you've been stealing apples, sir!" said Mr. Burton in authority, at once prejudging the case.

"No I ain't."

"Stoning the trees, then," persisted the Squire, in a sterner voice, as it enraged at the impudent culprit's audacity.

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"He, you are going to, father," said young hopeful.

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"You've committed a trespass then, at any rate!" said Mr. Burton, with a sudden admission of the lad's innocence, by his sec.

"Oh—well—don't let me catch you on my land again. Begone, sir!"

John did not wait to be told this—but was out of the Squire's well kept grounds in a moment. The boy asked some very exact questions, why his father did not hang the poor boy at least—a question, replied a servant, implanted as his father's address in ragged John had been angry, he took good care not to prove the matter. Some time after, he asked Jack why he did not like to hear Stadder's name, and his friend replied, that he knew that his hard faced old man gave his coat a double bottom, and he would not wear one for the way to the village, striking his cane violently on the bare ground, no one would have fancied that Squire Burton was afraid of the ragged object who looked up with fear and trembling, as the man of authority would let him. There was apparently something in the atmosphere of such dwellings the other could not abide. The boy was sensible of no feeling but a fear he could not account for. The man near why he hated Jack Stadder.

Young Stadder was in all hopeful a way to be ruined, as his worst enemy could desire. Indeed, he had done so, for neither skill nor industry and authority could not keep him to a proper course—for very excellent reasons. In the first place, though sickening was free, he could not avail himself of it—for if his pride would have permitted, his pocket would not, but would not. His mother could not dress him like other boys, and as our republican country, lads at school take the same care as their seniors, parents and guardians, that all gentlemen are treated free and equal, young Stadder was ragged—there was an impossibility to be read and studied. Algeb was a pillar in the church, the parish and the town: for he had a good wife. A wise woman buildeth her house. Her husband is known in the gates, when he sitteth among the elders of the land: the leadeth well to the ways of her household, and eateth not the bread of idleness. The rattling ineffable basket of an ungrated for boy in the vicinity, is about the watering trough and the stables of the village inn—and to this retreat did John run as readily as ducks to the water. The farmers would not resent the undertaken: and the jolly bemasters would sooner give him a pail of water than pull his ears: a dip of licence in inclination very considerable, when the comfort of the suspected came to be duly regarded. That the mental lessons acquired in such a school were of the best, we shall not undertake to say. To young Stadder they were certainly anything but agreeable—for the lessons morals as comfortably upon him as his loose and ragged garments. His customs of mind were those of the stall-mates and not of the most rigid; and if he had not actually stolen, he had seen those who had done so, and the distinction to do so, as alleged by young Burton. In short, he did not know that he was wrong—and he was a most unconscionable little rogue though he had been taught to know, but from the mere force of circumstances.

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Meanwhile his old antagonist of the orchard and the house trough, Mr. Burton, Jr., was becoming a lad of another order too. While young Stadder was getting lessons in practical farming, his old enemy was nominally going through college, and really running through his allowance, and putting his father in debt. So far as the conduct of the university would permit, he was a dandy of the first water, and considered all injunctions to economy as the effect of mere parsimony on the part of his parent: and let pass as opportunity. But if there existed contempt for such paltry admonitions. He had not spirit enough to resent any prank which might cause his dismissal; and by cause and duty base and subterfuge wanted off the consequences of his misdemeanors, until at the end of the college term, he formed one of the units which swelled the aggregate of the graduates of 18—. He was ready to enter life with a most enviable facility for throwing away money, at the same time that John Stadder, a needy, lonely, intelligent, and well-informed lacuer, was ready to begin to make a figure in the little world in which he had grown up, unconscious of any wider one.

Sister Burton died. Even country justices cannot arrest death's mittimus, and the terror of all the vagrants, the bugbear of all naughty boys, and the Blackbeard of all litigious sots, in the neighborhood was laid in a house as narrow as Scudder's mother's, whom he had followed to her long home a few months previously. That boy young man retained the affectionate concern for each other—for rather Burton retained his. Stadder was more magnanimous. But each had by this time learned something of the early history of their parents. Jack knew that their fathers had been partners—and he knew that common report ascribed the prosperity of his father to dishonesty. He did not therefore however hate the one, though he was far from liking him. Young Burton knew from certain evidence which he never took pains to conceal, that Stadder's father had possessed himself of all the assets of the firm—of the great man, at whose name all nations trembled, and to whose legal knowledge and magisterial power, the whole circumjacent circle of sages miles about his residence, looked unhesitatingly for advice.

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Choice Articles.

THE WIFE'S INFLUENCE.

Aleph and Beth were brothers. Aleph married a pious woman of a respectable religious family, and with her in his youth, prospered with vigor and speed; an erect, portly, ruddy, robust man. He was a cabinet-keeper manufacturer, his yards were full of wood, utensils and materials for work. He was a thriving man. I was large, well finished and well furnished house and barn. He was a man to be respected, to be read and studied. Aleph was a pillar in the church, the parish and the town: for he had a good wife. A wise woman buildeth her house. Her husband is known in the gates, when he sitteth among the elders of the land: the leadeth well to the ways of her household, and eateth not the bread of idleness. The rattling ineffable basket of an ungrated for boy in the vicinity, is about the watering trough and the stables of the village inn—and to this retreat did John run as readily as ducks to the water. The farmers would not resent the undertaken: and the jolly bemasters would sooner give him a pail of water than pull his ears: a dip of licence in inclination very considerable, when the comfort of the suspected came to be duly regarded. That the mental lessons acquired in such a school were of the best, we shall not undertake to say. To young Stadder they were certainly anything but agreeable—for the lessons morals as comfortably upon him as his loose and ragged garments. His customs of mind were those of the stall-mates and not of the most rigid; and if he had not actually stolen, he had seen those who had done so, and the distinction to do so, as alleged by young Burton. In short, he did not know that he was wrong—and he was a most unconscionable little rogue though he had been taught to know, but from the mere force of circumstances.

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A GENTLEMAN.—At the examination meeting of the Lancaster Theological Seminary, a few years since, one of the speakers, with a view of the qualifications of the candidates, remarked, "Brethren, we have a gentleman from the Cherokee nation in the United States. And, I wish I were a gentleman." The remark was surprised to hear him. He was not yet great wealth and plenty of servants. Yes," he said, "I had thought that they were to be gentlemen." "What does, then," replied the missionary, "make a gentleman?" A proper number of wives," said the prince. Well, I have many wives and children, and I am a gentleman." "Not so," said the prince, "but I must have no before I can be a gentleman." The idea of having as wives to make a gentleman, created no little mirth among the female portion of the audience. There were some hard looks at bachelors, as much as to say, "what miserable creatures must you be then!"

SUMACH.—The milk which exudes from a branch of sumach is the best indelible ink that can be used. Rub off one of the stems that supports the leaves and write what may be wanted with it. In a short time it becomes a beautiful jet black, and can never be washed out.

United States SATURDAY POST.

EDITED AND PUBLISHED BY SAMUEL D. PATTERSON & CO.

Philadelphia:

SATURDAY MORNING, FEBRUARY 10, 1844.

NEW PREMIUMS.

To any person sending TWO DOLLARS in advance, we will send the United States Saturday Post one year, and one of the late novels.

For FIVE DOLLARS, three copies of the United States Saturday Post, and one of the new novels.

For TEN DOLLARS, eight copies of the United States Saturday Post, and eight of the new novels.

For TWENTY DOLLARS, seventeen copies of the United States Saturday Post, and two novels.

For FIVE DOLLARS, one copy of the United States Saturday Post, one copy of Godman's Magazine, and one copy of the Ladies' National Magazine.

For TEN DOLLARS, three copies of the United States Saturday Post, two copies of Godman's Magazine, and two copies of the Ladies' National Magazine.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We have received from a subscriber an enigma, which we must decline to publish, as the author has not sent us the solution. We have not time to "study it out" and as a matter of business, without the answer. Besides all this, though there is no doubt of the correctness of the writer in this particular case, there have occurred in our memory, cases in which a newspaper has been imposed upon, and, peradventure, the answer to which have made the editor ashamed of himself.

☞ We cannot publish the "Lines in the Memory of ——." The friends of the deceased have expected the favor of possess a manuscript interest which more than atones for any defect in composition); but the world has not the sympathy with private grief which can excuse its expression in an uncalculated manner. It is hard to decline such requests as these, but we have no choice, but to do it; and can only request the refusal be the manner of declining.

☞ Lenox is in the right in, discussed the propriety of the passage of a law law, which shall multiply claims upon buildings. The ultimate tendency of such a law would be to prevent all but wealthy contractors from putting work. But the bill can hardly be said to be fairly before the Legislature yet.

☞ Can Harrisburgh intend has probably had a reply to his application to that city before this. If he has not, he can have.

CAUTION.

A person calling himself Willis Ware and soliciting subscribers for this paper in New York State, has no authority from us for so doing. All who trust him on our account do it at their own risk.

Our Travelling Agent, Mr. James Pierce, will confer a favor by informing us where a letter would reach him.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

One of the members of Congress said in his place last week that but one bill only, had, up to that time passed. And we suspect that this state of the public business will have been but a very little ahead, if, at all when the chapter of "Gossip" reaches the reader. With such a history of the passed weeks of the session there is little danger, we suspect, that the adjournment in May of which we heard some promise a week or two ago, can take place. Our State legislature have done rather better than this certainly; for whatever, much or little, may be the value of their doings, they certainly have set them idle.

Some brief, but interesting intelligence from the old world will be found in this day's paper. As the time approaches for the commencement of the State Trials in Dublin, the interest felt in the preliminary proceedings increases. Mr O'Connell has shown himself so far the most absolute monarch living; for there is no other man alive who can sway the thoughts and control the actions of a whole people, he has force, and as he continues to do. Many have perhaps been able to raise quite as high a popular favor; but the instance is not recorded where any other has kept a whole people so long in a condition of anxious excitement, without occurrence of a solitary act of violence. The repeal agitation and the temperance pledge have produced the accord of a nation up in opposition to the theory of a Government, and still so respecting its laws that crime was never during any other period so rare as now. Whatever may be a man's opinion of the question of the Repeal of the Union, he cannot withhold his respect at the moral sublimity of this spectacle.

The Englishmen in China seem to consider it a good joke, that while the British citizens of the United States and of France were on their way to the East to demand a treatment for their respective countries, about to act of "the most favored nation," the thing for which these ministers have been despatched hastened to accord to Great Britain, by a supplementary treaty. We confess to quite too much obtuseness to understand the fun of the matter; and to us if this be cricket's Majesty, the Brother of the Sun and Moon, has intimated to her Britannic Majesty, by treaty or otherwise, that he intends to accord all other nations to equal privileges, that is nothing to us, except as an item of news. On that item of news the citizens and French Ministers will proceed to fulfil their missions. If the Pekin Court intend to receive only the British Minister as the Representative of all "outside barbarians," his Celestial Majesty will be told that the recognition of the ambassadors of other nations is part of the "courtesy" which "one" can be possible motive in the movements of the British Plenipo in contracting this supplementary treaty, the meeting of which between the Emperor of China, and all the rest of the world as keeper of the celestial conscience. This is a game of gratuitous kindness that the French nation will not submit to if Queen Victoria has visited the Chateau d'Eu. Nor will the United States agent be represented at Pekin by the British Minister, and so stand quietly by and see the Anglo-Indian game played to China.

Our domestic intelligence is various. Political rumors are quite rife just now, but they are so puzzling and contradictory, that it is hard to utter any valuicinations. There are, we think, rather less than the ordinary frightful amount of manifesto this week. Tyler, in the worst week, after all that is said by our enemies, we are not worse than the rest of the world. That is no compliment to us, however. There should be few murders than in any other country; and when the disadvantages of sparse and border population are over, and the laws are more promptly administered, the theoretical benefits of national self-government will be practically demonstrated in each parts of the country; as they are now in these places where an old and homogeneous population regulates the administration of the law for

On our outside is the commencement of an excellent story by Arthur, and other matter which we hope may prove acceptable and interesting.

WEST POINT ACADEMY.

There are now in the services of the United States, graduates of the Military Academy at West Point, 4 colonels, 6 lieutenant colonels, 18 majors, 112 captains, 120 first lieutenants, 121 second lieutenants, 70 brevet second lieutenants, 5 paymasters, and 1 military storekeeper. Eleven graduates have been killed, and 147 have died in the service. The money appropriated for the establishment and maintenance of this institution has amounted to about four millions, three hundred thousand dollars.

The following facts relative to the number of students, &c. are taken from a statement transmitted to the House of Representatives of the U. S., in answer to a resolution of enquiry. The number of Cadets admitted into the Institution since its establishment, is 2,942.

Of which have graduated	1,306
Resigned before graduation	411
Declined receiving commissions	6
Resigned after receiving a commission	328
Disbanded, dropped, or dismissed	39
Killed in service	11
Died in service	147
Now in service	643

THE GIRARD WILL.

This important suit is now on trial before the Supreme Court of the United States at Washington. The question respects the validity of that clause of the will by which the rest of two millions of dollars is given to the city of Philadelphia to build and endow a college for the education of poor white male orphan children. If the city is cast, it will be necessary to refund what has been already spent of the fund; but it will be a matter not only to corporations but to individuals, how they accept trusts of this or any other character. A description of literal money accruing to the will of a testator, and then to be compelled to refund out of your own pocket is no joke. Gen. Jackson has given us a part of his behalf of the heirs. Messrs. Sergeant and Binney follow for the city. Mr. Webster is retained for the heirs at law.

The National Intelligencer gives the following as the main points relied on by the heirs: "A professional friend informs us that the objections to the legacy in Mr. Girard's will for building and endowing a college are, that the bequest is void, 1st, by reason of the uncertainty in the description of those who are to enjoy its benefits; that the corporation of Philadelphia are not authorized to receive it as a grant and to administer the trusts; and that the plan of education proposed is repugnant to the laws of the province, as tending to the anti-Christian tendency and its alleged inconsistency with religious liberty and the spirit of toleration."

A Washington correspondent of the New York paper, speaking of Mr. Binney's commencement, says: "At this cause turns on the construction of Pennsylvania laws, and the law of trusts and uses, as in force in that State, Mr. B. has evidently prepared himself fully on all these points, and delivered to-day one of the most beautiful analysis of Mr. Girard's will, the first seventeen clauses of which, Mr. B. stated, were, among other things, devoted to giving to three very heirs some one hundred and forty thousand dollars, which they had received. That Mr. Girard had named every heir of his brother and two sisters; and that so intent had he been on excluding his heirs from more of his estate than he could help, that his will was expressly created in one event the State of Pennsylvania, and failing that, the United States, for the residuary legatee. That the Supreme Court were therefore called upon to violate a clear intention of the testator, by a construction of law, and to do that which of all things Girard had wished not to have done.

Mr B. then explained his construction of the word "residue" in the will, and related such clauses as, in his opinion, showed that the bequests under the will, in trust or otherwise, to the city of Philadelphia, were fully within the powers of the City Charter and rights. ·

THE NESTORIANS.

The readers of the Saturday Evening Post, of course, remember the accounts of the cruel persecution of the Nestorian Christians by the Mahometans. Along with the news of these terrible disasters came a statement that the commission appointed by the anti-Christ of the people of the Mahometans was the jealousy of the Christian missionaries of different nations and sects, as a result, by the Mussulman laws, and that we find in the New York Commercial Advertiser a letter from Constantinople, in which it is positively asserted, and apparently correctly, severely proved, that the attack was meditated before the arrival of the Missionaries, and that the massacre of a school-house, in the fast of the mountain, was reported as the establishment of a fort, by which the English (which means Britons and Americans) were to command the work of subjugating the country: and this made the pretext of an attack, long since premeditated. The writer of the letter has received a formal declaration from the Patriarch of the Nestorians, that the massacre of his people is to be attributed to no other cause but the cupidity of the Mahometans. The reader will undoubtedly be truly glad to meet this contradiction of rumors, not only pertinent to the cause of missions and to Christian character, but disgracing human nature. The letter we have referred to says:

"The Turkish Government has long intended to bring the independent Nestorians into subjection. Living within the borders of Turkey, they have maintained from the earliest ages a perfect independence both of Turks and Kurds. The assault made upon the Patriarch in 1843, was sent by a commander of the Turks to these two people. It arose from a secret understanding between the Kurdish chiefs and the Pacha of Erzroum, and was doubtless sanctioned by the Sultan himself. The object was to the long desired object of subjugating the Nestorian tribes, and for a time it was thought to have been accomplished. But the Nestorians soon appeared as independent as ever, and it has been found necessary to accomplish something more than an attack upon their Patriarch. Hence the recent invasion and the awful massacre. It arose wholly from Mahometan antipathies. There, and there only, is the cause to be assigned. It was offered Nestorians will probably find no repose until they consent to wear the yoke of Turkish despotism."

PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDATES.

Mr. Calhoun has declined permitting his name to go before the Democratic National Convention as a candidate for the Presidency; but his friends say that he still remains in their hands to be nominated in any other way. On the other hand, other politicians consider him as virtually abandoning the field to Mr. Clay and Mr Van Buren. The Charleston paper says that Mr. Calhoun's "reasoning against the mode of organizing the proposed convention as calculated to invade one of the important arrangements of the constitution, and rob the smaller States of their due and constitutional weight in the Presidential canvass, is sound and forcible. In this holding his name from the Baltimore Convention, Mr. Calhoun does not, however, expressly withhold it from the people." Mr Calhoun contends that the manner of electing delegates to the convention should be settled "by the usual mode of sale, and not by the discretion of each, in a matter affecting the whole." His letter requires some notes, certainly, to reconcile it with his avowed sentiments in the days of nullification.

Among other political rumors we find a statement that the friends of Commodore Stewart in Washington are making an effort to bring his name forward. What weight this rumor of political interest, we cannot say. And again we find certain friends of Gen. Cass holding a meeting in Boston, and nominating him for the Presidency. Col Johnson is also still clung to by a segment. There can be no doubt, whatever is said before the convention, that Martin Van Buren will be the nominee.

Mr Webster, in answer to a letter from two hundred citizens of New Hampshire, requesting permission to use his name as a candidate, respectfully declines the honor.

JUSTICE.

In contrast with other journals the Saturday Post could not but notice the case of the late barque Caroline, on the coast of Maine, that it was caused by the drunkenness of the captain and crew. Lamentable enough! But why has the Postmaster of the village near Cranberry Point, where the vessel was wrecked, states, among the rubbish thrown on shore has been found a general or private account kept by the captain, wherein every particular with regard to the working of the vessel, almost up to the moment of her destruction, is noted down with a minuteness and accuracy which proves that he was not only not intoxicated, but that he maintained the utmost coolness and resolution during the time of danger. In the pockets, that she could not have escaped shipwreck, and the shock with which she struck the rocks, was so violent, that nearly one hundred of her ins "knew" were shaken.

CORRECTION.

It has been charged in some of the papers, that John Neal was the author of the attack on N. P Willis, which appeared in a Portland paper, and was the subject of much newspaper comment. Mr. Neal explicitly denies the allegation. It was an attack, as we have already said our readers of a character that would make no gentleman anxious to assume it; and we are very much surprised that any one who read it could imagine for a moment that Mr. Neal wrote it.

MESMERISM.

The town of Bangor, Me., is in a great state of excitement, because a man's leg was amputated when he was in a mesmeric state, the patient unfeeling during the agonizing operation, not the slightest trace of suffering. Dr. Brown magnetized the patient, and Dr. Hosmer, Bank performed the operation.

In commenting upon this fact, for we dare say it may be a fact, the Philadelphia Spirit of the Times says: "The public are entertained hundreds to a belief in the reality of the mesmeric phenomena. If so, we can only say that the 'gullibility' of the doctors must greatly to swallow non-sequiturs unified. Become a man can be thrown into a state of nervous unconsciousness, and in that condition be insensible to pain, submit, without a wince, to have his leg sawed off, if by no means follows, if we judge, that the learned blacksmith can mesmerize a system of authentic linear grammar out of the man in the moon, or that the editor of the Times, by orthographical or mesmeric sympathy, can tell us whether the sea is really a Drummond light, or a huge octagonal crystal. Animal Magnetism may teach much, in its agreements, on the plan of the Indian, who said a buck, which he said he had left by a tree, was a fat one. But the buck was not to be found, and when the Indian was berated for his falsehood, he said, that as the buck was surely there, and the fat one, his two truths to one lie, was enough for an Indian. But the Mesmerizers are not even so generous as the Indian. They will be as dear to us if they believe forty assumptions on the strength of it. Their promises and their conclusions have about the same relation to each other as he who should maintain that because there is such a disease as catalepsy, and such an animal as the grimalkin, a tabby cat can translate Arabic.

SMUGGLING.

The mate and certain of the passengers of the ship Oxford, which arrived recently at New York from Liverpool, have been detected in smuggling cloths. They were aided and abetted by some boatmen in the employ of the owners of the goods, and as dear for the parties implicated in the overt act; as the penalty for smuggling, the loss of the goods, imprisonment of the parties, whether principals or abettors, and a fine in double the value of the goods.

RATHER SEVERE.

The Portland Bulletin, in some remarks upon the late cold weather, says:—"We are unable to say how far out the ice extends. A man, however, (who had at first been noticed half down in the horizon) while coming in by the forts the other day, with a bag of oranges on his back and a compass in his hat, was hailed to know whether he was from 'Fresh Meadows?' was the reply." That story will do. So will a letter-writer from Hallowell, Me., to the Salem Gazette, who says: "It is only amusing to us to see the accounts of the extreme cold in Massachusetts, when the thermometer stands at two or three degrees below zero. We should feel quite settled under such a degree of heat. At that place, on Sunday last, the mercury was thirty-two degrees below zero! They had got it up, however, to twelve below, at last accounts, and had begun to talk of thin packets." After this, we in Philadelphia, and farther South, may as well put out our fires.

SCHOOL IN THE WEST.

The Dubuque Miner's Express states that some eighty miles due west of that place, in the Territory known as Congregationalists, have recently purchased the right to these Falls, Loring within the borders of Turkey, and have established a large place of worship, and are about to proceed immediately to the erection of a Manual Labor College A mill, moved by a constant flow of water is to be put into successful operation, and other manufacturing establishments are to be added. The society of Christian Congregationalists with the long desired object of subjugating the Nestorian tribes, and for a time it was thought to have been accomplished. But the Nestorians soon appeared as independent as ever, and it has been found necessary to accomplish something more than an attack upon their Patriarch. Hence the recent invasion and the awful massacre. It arose wholly from Mahometan antipathies. There, and there only, is the cause to be assigned. It was offered Nestorians will probably find no repose until they consent to wear the yoke of Turkish despotism.

TEXAS AND MEXICO.

Latest dates from these countries look warlike again. It was said that the Texan Commissioners to Mexico had failed in their mission and were returning home. The report seemed to be credited. They were said to be at Saltillo on the 10th ultimo, intending to start for home on the 12th. The Mexicans, it is stated, had no terms to propose, short of the abolition of slavery in Texas, the return of the country to the condition of a department of Mexico.

A bill proposing the annexation of Texas to the United States has been in its second reading in the House of Representatives, and been referred to the committee on foreign relations. Short comparisons of the constitution, and of the smaller States of their due and constitutional weight in the Presidential canvass, is sound and forcible. In this holding his name from the Baltimore Convention, Mr. Calhoun does not, however, expressly withhold it from the people." Mr Calhoun contends that the manner of electing delegates to the convention should be settled "by the usual mode of sale, and not by the discretion of each, in a matter affecting the whole." His letter requires some notes, certainly, to reconcile it with his avowed sentiments in the days of nullification.

CULTIVATION OF MEMORY.

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MEETING OF FARMERS AT CITIZEN'S HALL.

A large meeting of Farmers and Citizens was held on Tuesday evening, at the County Court House, to take measures in view of the recent decision of the Supreme Court, that farmers have not the right to sell beef in the Philadelphia market as part of the produce of their farms. It was organized by calling Joseph T. Mather, to the Chair: Andrew Miller and Henry Horn were appointed Vice Presidents, and Newbury A. Smith and J. Hamilton, Secretaries. The President stated the objects of the meeting, and a committee was appointed, on motion of Mr. Smith, to draft a series of resolutions. While they were absent in the performance of this duty, Mr. Isaac Norris addressed the meeting with much eloquence and effect. Joseph R. Chandler, Esq., of the United States Gazette, also addressed the meeting in a brief and witty speech. A committee was appointed to inquire into the imposition of certain fines upon Farmers by a Justice of the city. The committee appointed to draft resolutions reported the following, which were adopted unanimously:

Whereas, The citizens of Philadelphia have just learned that by a recent decision of the Supreme Court of this State, they have been deprived of the privilege of selling

United States SATURDAY POST.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION, &c.

$3 per annum—$2 if paid in advance; $1,25 in advance for six months.

Postmasters are requested to *frank* their letters addressed to us. The word "*free*" of itself is not a frank.

Agents will please endorse their letters with their names or initials.

Other letters will not be taken from the Post Office unless the postage is paid.

Papers discontinued only at the end of the current half year's subscription, and then only at the option of the Publisher if arrearages are due.

Small Bank Notes of solvent Banks received in payment for our bills.

Agents are earnestly solicited to make quick remittances, without which it is difficult to keep accounts correct. They should always give names and time paid for.

Removals must always state the Post Office *removed from*, as well as to which the paper is to be addressed.

LIST OF AGENTS.

☞ The following agents will still act for the Saturday Post, under the new publishing arrangements.

☞ TRAVELLING AGENTS for Graham's Magazine, United States Saturday Post, and the Ladies' National Magazine.

☞ We have no travelling agent by the name of Winchester.

Mr. C. W. JAMES, of Harrison street, Cincinnati, Ohio, is our Agent for Ohio, Indiana and Michigan, assisted by *Moses Meader, Jas. R. Smith, G. H. Comstock, J. R. Humphreys, J. T. Dent and E. Y. Jennings.*

SAMUEL H. STEVENSON, assisted by *James H. Stevenson and John F. Johnson*, for Kentucky.

JOHN NIMMO, Canada, East and West.

HENRY M. LEWIS is collecting for us in Alabama and Tennessee.

ISRAEL E. JAMES is Agent for us in the South and South-Western States and Florida, assisted by *James K. Whipple, William H. Weld, O. H. P. Stem, and Henry Platt.*

THOMAS SEVERN is our Travelling Agent for New York.

WILLIAM A. PIERCE collects for us in Pennsylvania.

JAMES PIERCE is our Travelling Agent in New Jersey.

W. H. and W. M. WHEELER, for Arkansas.

JAS. F. EASTON is collecting for us in Missouri, Illinois, and parts of Wisconsin and Iowa.

ALANSON BILLINGS, of Nashville, Tenn., is duly authorized to obtain new subscribers to Graham's Magazine, United States Saturday Post, and Lady's World. *Single copies* may also be had at his store in Nashville.

Notices of New Works.

SERMONS, *by Henry Melville, D. D., Minister of Camden Chapel, Cumberwell. Edited by the Rt. Rev. C. P. M'Ilvaine, D. D., Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church in Ohio. New York: Stanford & Swords. Philadelphia: G. S. Appleton.*—This volume embraces all the discourses published by consent of the author, and has also a Preface by the Editor, which gives a new interest and value to the book. It contains a sketch of the character and position of the author, and describes his manner and circumstances in such a way as to make the preacher present to the mind of the reader. Beside the critical remarks upon the contents of the volume in the preface, the editor has thrown out some hints upon the manner in which sermons should be written, which strike us as among the best practical hints we have ever met.

The sermons embrace a great variety of topics, delivered as they were to a congregation of a peculiar character. His chapel, says the editor, "is a centre to which hearers flock, drawn by the reputation of the preacher, not only from all the neighborhood, but from divers parts of the great metropolis, bringing under his reach, not only the highest intellectual character, but all varieties of states of mind; from that of the devout believer to that of the habitual doubter or confirmed infidel." We hardly need say that the auspices under which this volume of eloquent sermons is produced, and the reputation of the author in this country will give it a wide circulation—or rather, we might say, that it enjoys that circulation already, as this is the *third* edition. It contains some discourses not included in former editions, and, if the reader of religious periodicals do not find in the book some sermons which he may have seen elsewhere, purporting to be Mr. Melville's, it is because those sermons were obtained by reporters, and cannot do full justice to the preacher.

SPEECH OF COMMODORE ELLIOTT.—We have before us the copy of a speech delivered by Commodore Jesse D. Elliott in Hagerstown, Md., on the 24th of November last. It appears that the Commodore paid a visit to this, his birth place, and was solicited by the citizens, some of whom were his old play-fellows, to accept the compliment of a public dinner. This was declined from imperative engagements, and his friends then, in behalf of the citizens, desired him to meet them in the Court House in the evening. To this he acceded, and in acknowledging their politeness, and expressing his sense of it, found himself in the midst of a narrative of his life, before he knew it. The book before us is an autobiography, and one of the most interesting we ever read. A large portion of it is taken up by documents referred to in the speech. The body of the work is filled with most interesting anecdote and narrative. The scenes of a long life were drawn from memory with a distinctness and vividness of description truly refreshing to read, compared with tame narratives by second parties. That the old Commodore should take such a time to defend himself from some of the aspersions which have been thrown upon him, was not only natural, but praiseworthy; and the manner in which he has done it is sailor like, and straightforward. Nobody who begins the speech will leave it unfinished. It will be valuable in a historical point of view, when all those who feel a personal interest in the orator are laid down in the dust. As for the Commodore himself, he has shown himself strong in this new vocation of orator and author; and all admirers of adventures, of history, and of sturdy resolution, will feel under obligations to him.

GUARICA, *The Charib Bride. A Legend of Hispaniola. By Henry Wm. Herbert, author of The Brothers, Cromwell, &c. Philadelphia: A. J. Rockafellar, 98 Chesnut street.*—This is a story written in the dramatic and stirring style of the author, but, it strikes us with more care than some even of his larger works. The scenery of Hispaniola gives latitude for the exuberant and flowery fancy of Mr. Herbert—and the character of the Spaniard admits that chivalric tinge which always helps a romance. In striking contrast with the warrior Spaniards, is the gentle Charib girl Guarica, and to our liking, the story is all the better that it has a happy termination. At 98 Chesnut street, besides Mr. Rockafellar's own publications, may be found all the current novelties produced by other houses in the business, in Philadelphia and elsewhere.

CLEMENT FALCONER; *or the Memoirs of a Young Whig. A New Edition. Baltimore: N. Hickman. Philadelphia: Zieber & Co.*—As our readers are perhaps aware from the previous publication of this book, when it made some sensation, real characters are introduced, and some of them are not very gently handled. The "Universe" as the title of a newspaper will readily be understood. The author's motive for writing the tale is that "entertaining certain opinions in reference to particular men and measures, he deemed this the most eligible mode of giving them utterance." In a word, it is a political novel; and the author, under the name of Henry Percy, likes Henry Clay.

COMPLETE WORKS OF CORNELIUS MATHEWS. *New York: Harper & Brothers.*—We have here in one octavo, closely printed, the complete works of a man who in the republic of letters has suffered a great deal of pseudo-critical abuse for conscience' sake. Having opinions of his own, and daring to express them, he has paid the penalty. While the merits of other writers have been overpraised, his defects have been exaggerated; and while persons not obnoxious to certain McGrawlers of the press have been commended without reason, Mr. M. has been abused with as little justice. High, but not unqualified praise is the due of many of the works in this collection; and that, as they have successively appeared they have received.

WANDERINGS OF A JOURNEYMAN TAILOR, *through Europe and the East. By P. D. Holthaus, Journeyman Tailor, from Wordohl, in Westphalia. Zieber & Co.*—This is translated from the third German edition, by Wm. Howitt; and is one of the cleverest and most interesting books we have opened for many a day. The author's journeyings occupied about six years, and in the course of them he visited very many places which we have read descriptions of before, but a Journeyman Tailor's descriptions, and a deep thinking German, at that, form a most desirable and pleasant novelty. It is one of the most pleasant books of travels we have ever seen.

TRAVELS IN THE CALIFORNIAS, *and Scenes in the Pacific Ocean. By Thomas J. Farnham.*—Zieber has sent us a work under this title. The author will be remembered as the writer of "Travels in the Great Western Prairies," and this book is a sequel to that. It contains a great deal of information, pleasantly conveyed; and is full of adventure, and all that. But we must acknowledge that the author occasionally trespasses in *too fine writing*, —*ex gr.* when he turns woman's *smiles* into *pulsations*, and then makes those pulsations *shed the elements of the social state.*

ESSAYS ON EPISCOPACY REVIEWED. *By the late John M. Mason, D. D. Edited by Rev. Ebenezer Mason, and published for the Editor.*—W. S. Martien has sent us a reprint of the Review by Dr. Mason, of Hobart's "Essays on Episcopacy," and "Apology." The latter work, it will be recollected, is just republished. In these days of eager religious controversy, publications of this description find many readers.

FROST'S PICTORIAL UNITED STATES. *Philadelphia: E. H. Butler.*—We should have noticed, before this, the publication of the eleventh number of Frost's Pictorial History. It brings the History down to 1778. The whole work is to be completed in twenty numbers, and will form at once an elegant series of volumes when bound, and a compendious and attractive history.

COMMON SCHOOL JOURNAL.—Edward C. Biddle has commenced a monthly, under the title of the "Common School Journal of the State of Pennsylvania, edited by John S. Hart, Principal of the Philadelphia High School. The title indicates the object of the work, and the name of the editor will be the guarantee for its character.

M'CULLOCH'S GAZETTEER. *New York: Harper & Brothers. Philadelphia: Perkins & Purves and Zieber & Co.*—The eighth number of this work comes down to *Fal.* The articles are well written, comprehensive, and satisfactory, and the work will be, as was expected, one of the best gazetteers ever published.

HARPERS' ILLUSTRATED BIBLE.—Some idea of the reception of this work by the public may be found from the fact, that while those purchasers who have obtained the first number, are waiting impatiently for the second, the publishers have been unable, so far, to answer the demand for number one. Much was promised, and much expected, and no one that we know of has been disappointed. The "book of books" will in the elegant typographical and ornamental guise here presented, disseminate a knowledge of its contents among many who may have hitherto passed them too thoughtlessly by.

ARABELLA STUART, *A Romance of English History. By G. P. R. James. New York: Harper & Brothers. Philadelphia:* for sale at the Periodical Agency, No. 98 Chesnut street. This is a delightful novel, and possesses a melancholy interest, well and skilfully maintained by its accomplished author. As the writer of historical fiction Mr. James is now without a living rival, and he has so many readers in this country, that the mere announcement of a new book by him is the announcement of the sale of the edition.

THE MYSTERIES OF PARIS.—Zieber & Co. have received the two first numbers of an American edition of the Mysteries of Paris, published in its original language, at the New World Office, under the critical superintendence of Prof. C. P. Bordinave. It is neatly printed, and its entire correctness and accuracy we think, may be depended upon.

KENDALL'S LIFE OF JACKSON.—The Third number of Amos Kendall's Life of Andrew Jackson has been published. It is beautifully printed, and has for embellishment two copper-plate engravings. It may be had at No. 98 Chesnut street, and also of Perkins & Purves, and of Zieber & Co.

THE DEMOCRATIC REVIEW.—Zieber & Co. have received the February number of this work. It is embellished with a line engraving of an Indian Statue; and contains many articles marked with the singular ability with which the work has ever been managed.

BULLETIN OF MEDICAL SCIENCE.—The second number of the second volume of this work, edited by John Bell, M. D., has been received from Barrington & Harwell. It contains as usual much matter of great interest to the profession.

VALENTINES.—Zieber has some very neat lithograph notes, for those who wish to go through the old joke of sending valentines. Turner & Fisher have some absurd and grotesque matters intended for the same purpose.

NEAL'S PURITANS.—No. II. has been received by Perkins & Purves, by Zieber & Co., and at the Periodical Agency, No. 98 Chesnut street. This number has a portrait, on steel, of Rev. John Owen, D. D.

NEW WORKS IN PRESS.—We find announced by Appleton & Co., the following works as preparing for publication: Bishop Taylor on Episcopacy; Complete Works of Hooker; An Historical Sketch of the Council of Trent, by Rev. J. D. Ogilby, D. D.; Arnold's Rome; The Complete Works of Wordsworth; do., of Hemans; Grigg's Santa Fe and the Prairies; Mary Howitt's Love and Money.

Leavitt & Trow, announce in New York, a Commentary on Job, by Rev. Albert Barnes, of this city. The preparatory remarks which have been published in the Repository, give earnest that the work will be one of great interest, not only to the student of the Bible, but to all who have any taste for the history of the progress of the human mind in the worship of the Deity.

Our Traveller.

FLORENCE.

Florence (*Firenze la bella*) is, perhaps, the most agreeable city of Italy. It is not so gay and lively as Naples, and not so periodically inundated with strangers as Rome, but every stone in it bears the mark of a classic age, and every person you meet the imprint of a high state of refinement and civilization. Though there is not that manly, sturdy independence of a new born race, and a people possessed of vigor, yet there is every where a tasteful appearance, a gentle bearing and manners, bespeaking a civilization handed down from generation to generation. Italy, it is true, looks like a corpse bedecked with flowers, but as all poetry necessarily refers to the past, and is the last fruit of civilization of a people having arrived at a state of consciousness and capability of reflecting upon itself, Italy is par-excellence the land of poetry and the arts. The latter are *cultivated* in other parts of Europe; in Italy they spring forth spontaneously; those happy children of a smiling nature yield but to their natural impulse when they sing their passions, their virtues and their crimes.

Italy, the pride of the middle ages, sank into political insignificance, not so much by her want of nationality, in contradistinction to the government of single cities, as by the discovery of the New World and the Capes which made the balance of European power incline to the West. America, not Portugal and Spain, and much less the Modern Visigoth Napoleon, destroyed the Venetian Republic; Venice, or the Adriatic Gulf, was too far from the New World and the Cape of Good Hope when the road to India ceased to lead through Alexandria, to exercise any influence on the establishment of the modern order of things. Venice felt it; but instead of changing her policy made peace with her old enemy Turkey to destroy her great rival Portugal. Genoa, Pisa and Florence were unable to oppose the powers of France and Spain, and besides the Republican star of Europe had set to rise more brilliantly in the Western world. Yet the remains of Italian greatness are still scattered over the whole country, and nowhere with such a liberal hand as in the city of the Medici.

Behold Florence in the sunset, slumbering at the foot of the Appenines on the banks of the Arno. Behold that Dome of Michael Angelo, the perfection of symmetry, glittering in that transparent sky which reflects a thousand times the colors of the rainbow; and by the side of it the majestic *palazzo vecchio*, the old residence of "the Merchant Princes." All is peace, and quiet, and contentedness. No busy multitude, no hurry and noise of business, no show of power, manifest the Capital of Tuscany. It is evening, and the whole population is just returning from the *corso*, and proceeding down the *Quais* of the Arno. No Gallic outbreaks of mirth, no Castilian seriousness, no Saxon dulness mark that moving throng. It seems as if all these people had but one thought, one object, that of enjoying each other's presence and feeling happy in each other's happiness! As Tasso said, the nature which surrounds them is depicted on their countenances, and well might Byron have complained of the "Vulgar English Beauties" by the side of such Raphaelic faces as one meets here. In the gallery of the *palazzo vecchio* hangs the original portrait of the beautiful Baker Girl, that was the great master's mistress; but a thousand originals surpassing her far in loveliness and grace are greeting you from the crowd, and you imagine yourself, as if by enchantment, surrounded by the creations of the Italian painters.

There is this difference between the Italian and the French women, that the former never offend against nature, the latter seldom against taste. Such is the artistical feeling of the Italians that one never sees a woman driving in a carriage or walking in company of another of the same age or rank; because this would lead to comparison, and perhaps to disparagement. A lady will allow herself to be accompanied by a gentleman—but never by a lady that might eclipse her beauty. A Duenna serves as foliage for the same reason that dark colors increase the effect of light in a picture. The same artistical instinct manifests itself among the lower classes—two women of the same age, or two girls being hardly ever seen in company with one another. For this or some other reason I cannot decipher, Italy is the land of the least slander; what little there is found of it, is principally due to the foreign, principally English society; for it is a settled principle, that three English families can never be together in the same place without instituting the most thorough investigation as to their respective merits, and who, in consequence, ought to have precedence of the others.

Florence has five theatres, among which the splendid Opera House *la Pergola*, the two finest galleries in the world, that of the *Palazzo Vecchio* and the *Palazzo Pitti*, where a man may spend his life without being satiated; it is the seat of learning of all Italy, the dwelling place of the artist, in which respect it is only excelled by Rome, and the land of tolerance, good breeding, and agreeable manners. A few miles from Florence is the University of *Siena*, and the village *Della Crusca*, whence rose the very type of the Language of *Dante* and *Ariosto*. And what historical recollections do not crowd upon us at the sight of this wonderful city. One half of the Italian poets were Florentines. This was the home of Dante, of Michael Angelo, of Galileo and of the much calumniated and misunderstood *Segretario Machiavelli*. Here reigned wealth, refinement, learning and the arts, when England's nobility burned tallow candles, and amused themselves with bull-baiting! And behold it now! It is still the same smiling, calm, beautiful Florence that it was when the lion protected the lamb—* the peaceful countenance of an illustrious dead whose soul departed without a struggle.

Florence is like most Italian cities, built in a style that marks the spirit of the age. The palaces of the nobles look like fortresses hewn out of solid rock, and are provided with battlements that will yet for centuries withstand the tooth of time. The streets are throughout paved with flagstones, and the bridges across the Arno of the most beautiful and substantial construction. Every thing in this city seems to be built for eternity, though the character of the people is mild and gentle, and the climate scarcely seems to require that they should be housed at all.

The present government of Tuscany is monarchical in the mildest acceptation of the word. The Grand Duke, a prince of the House of Austria, has granted to all the political refugees of Italy an asylum in Florence, and many of these that were implicated in the revolutionary movements of Naples, Rome and Sardinia, have availed themselves of the liberal offer. The Court is without ostentation, and almost every stranger presented properly by his minister or his consul, is invited to the balls and *fêtes* of Grand Duke Leopold.

The *Villa Catalani* is but an English mile from Florence. There the great singer still resides during the summer months, that estate being all that is left of her once immense wealth. One of her sons is in the French army, the other has remained at home. She is so poor that she does not even keep a carriage; her husband, a French officer, having dissipated the greatest part of her property.

There is also the *Villa Ambrosi*, which was occupied by *Milton* during his visit to Tuscany, and on the road to Fiesoli is the *studio del scultore Americano* Greenough.

Florence is the city which is most overrun by strangers, and thousands of Englishmen, and latterly also Americans, have chosen it for their permanent residence. To an artist it offers incalculable advantages, and has for this reason been selected by *Powers* and *Greenough*.

* The Scutcheon of the Medici was a lion with a lamb sleeping at its feet.

CURIOUS TASTE.

The Royal George, a splendid vessel belonging to the British Navy, sunk in 1782. By diving bells, and other submarine apparatus, many articles have been recovered from the submerged wreck, and probably the whole will be eventually fished up. Nearly all the persons on board perished.

That admirers of the rare and the curious should desire to possess memorials of this vessel is not surprising, but there is one fact stated in the English press which seems a little remarkable, if not a great deal on the horrible order. It is that the Queen has caused a billiard table to be made of a portion of the wood saved from this ship.

The English newspapers and reviews are fond of saying all sorts of bitter and exaggerated malice relative to this country—but all their ingenuity has not invented a more heartless falsehood than is this fact, if fact it be. The idea of playing billiards upon a table, made of the wreck of a vessel in which hundreds of souls were in a moment launched into eternity, would be apt to shock even the hardest heart, we should fancy. It is really a proof of callousness almost incredible.

Congressional.

IN SENATE, Wednesday, Jan. 31. Several memorials, from various parts of the country, relative to postage, were received and referred. A resolution offered yesterday, by Mr. Benton, calling on the State Department for information as to whether any slaves have escaped to the British dominions since the treaty of 1842, was adopted. His other resolution, relative to the abrogation of the article which relates to the surrender of criminals, was postponed.

IN THE HOUSE, the debate on the rules occupied the morning hour, Mr. Andrew Johnson speaking in favor of the 21st rule. A great number of bills were reported, principally of a private and local character. At 2 o'clock, the House adjourned, in order that the members might have an opportunity to attend the funeral service of Mrs. Reding, the wife of Mr. Reding, one of the members from New Hampshire. She died very suddenly. The Rev. Septimus Tuston, chaplain of the Senate, officiated in his usual affecting manner.

IN SENATE, Thursday, Feb. 1. A number of memorials were presented, asking a grant of land for completing the Wabash & Erie Canal. When this canal is completed, it will be nearly five hundred miles long, and will connect the waters of the Ohio with those of Lake Erie. At a very early hour the Senate went into Executive Session; but previously to that movement, Mr. Colquitt presented resolutions of the present Legislature of Georgia, revoking those of the last Legislature, which censured Mr. Berrien, and refused to acknowledge him as their Representative.

IN THE HOUSE, the debate upon the rules was resumed, and continued during the morning hour.

The bill authorizing the transfer of appropriations in the naval service, so as to continue the work at the various yards, was passed with an amendment, directing that no money shall be thus transferred which is wanted for the original object.

The bill explanatory of the treaty with the Chippewas was taken up and passed.

Mr. J. R. Ingersoll offered a resolution, calling for copies of correspondence relative to a colony at Liberia. Objection being made, however, no action was had.

The House then went into a committee of the whole, when a motion was made to take up the resolution reported from the committee on foreign affairs, relative to Oregon. This motion failed.

IN SENATE, Friday, Feb. 2. As soon as the body met, the death of the late Senator Porter, of Louisiana, was announced, and eulogies delivered by Messrs. Barrow and Benton. After the adoption of the customary resolutions, the Senate immediately adjourned.

IN THE HOUSE, a resolution was adopted directing an inquiry into the expediency of employing a portion of the naval force in the removal of snags from the Mississippi and other rivers of the West.

Mr. Giddings occupied the morning hour by a speech against the 21st rule.

A message was received from the Senate relative to the death of Mr. Porter, whereon, after addresses from Messrs. Slidell and Vance, the House immediately adjourned.

SATURDAY, Feb. 3. The Senate did not sit.

IN THE HOUSE.—Mr. Levy, of Florida, moved a suspension of the rules in order that he might offer a resolution calling upon the President to take measures for the repeal of the 10th article of the Ashburton Treaty, which provides for the mutual surrender of criminals. The motion to suspend was negatived.

After the reception of some executive communications the House went into Committee of the Whole, and assumed the consideration of the bill granting relief to the widows and orphans of those who were lost in the United States schooner Grampus. A long debate arose during which the bill was opposed on the ground that, if the relief were granted, it would be establishing a precedent not at all compatible with the genius of the government. Finally, this and a number of other private bills were reported to the House.

The minority report on the rules was laid on the desk this morning. The report makes the following recommendations:—

1st, That the 21st rule be not stricken out.

2d, If it is, that the subsitute proposed by Mr. Chapman be adopted. This substitute provides that upon the presentation and statement of the contents of any petition, touching the abolition of slavery, etc., the question of its reception shall, without debate, be laid upon the table, and no further action whatever shall be had thereon.

3d, That if neither be adopted, the representatives of the slave States are advised to take no part in the proceedings whatever relating to the subject of abolition.

4th, That in any event, they shall unite in a recommendation to their respective State legislatures, and to their constituents, of a convention or conventions of the people of all the States of the Union, who will co-operate, to consider anew the compromises and guarantees of the Constitution of the United States, on the subject of slavery, the domestic slave trade, and of fugitive slaves, and to consider and adopt means to arrest, and forever prevent the evils of the incendiary spirit of abolition.

IN SENATE, February 5th. Several reports were received from departments in answer to resolutions, and many memorials and petitions were presented. Mr. Hanegan presented joint resolutions passed unanimously by the Legislature of Indiana, asserting our unqualified right to the Oregon Territory, of which they are of opinion we ought to take possession, either by peaceable or other means.

Mr. Tappan presented resolutions from the Legislature of Ohio, instructing their representatives to vote for an appropriation for a free bridge across the Ohio, at Wheeling, Va.

The House bill relative to the transfer of certain naval appropriations, was read and referred.

After the disposal of several other matters, the Senate resumed the consideration of the tariff resolution from the Finance Committee.

Mr. Evans having the floor, replied at great length to the remarks made by Mr. McDuffie last week.

IN THE HOUSE several petitions and memorials involving the mooted question of abolition were presented; and the disposal of them by laying on the table, &c., occupied much time. Many petitions were also presented asking a discontinuance of the spirit rations in the Navy, and many petitions relative to postage and the franking privilege were also presented. Mr. Adams then tried to get the Massachusetts resolutions relative to slave representation taken up, but failed. Other petitions of similar character were laid upon the table, and at three o'clock the House adjourned having attempted no business except that in relation to petitions and memorials, &c.

IN SENATE, Tuesday February 6. Mr. Evans had the floor in answer to Mr. McDuffie on the Tariff question. [The Gen. Jackson fine bill was to be taken up on Thursday and Senators had informally agreed to pass it.]

IN THE HOUSE. The majority report, admitting the Representatives to their seats who were elected by General Ticket was taken up, and Mr. Elmer, of New Jersey, opened in favor of the report.

State Legislature.

IN SENATE, Wednesday, January 31st. The Bill relative to the incorporation of West Philadelphia passed Committee of the Whole, but on its third reading was referred to the Committee on the Judiciary.

Mr. Chapman, from the Investigating Committee on the subject of printing, reported that the Committee had determined to lay the whole testimony taken before the Legislature without comment. Whereupon a discussion arose which lasted until the hour of adjournment.

IN THE HOUSE. The Bill introduced by Mr. Toland, providing for the payment of interest on the State debt falling due February 1st, was taken up, and after much discussion, passed three several readings.

On motion of Mr. Jordan, the Judiciary Committee, was instructed to inquire into the expediency of providing a bill to reduce the number of judicial districts, in this Commonwealth, and also the three dollars per diem pay, and mileage.

The Committee on Printing made a report to the House like that made to the Senate, and asked their discharge, which was agreed to.

IN SENATE, February 1st. A resolution was reported directing the State Treasurer to demand specified sums from printers for work over-charged and paid. It was amended, and as passed directs that "the Committee on Reform and Retrenchment be instructed to report a bill authorizing suits to be brought against all such public printers and binders as may have wrongfully or erroneously received any sums of money for public printing and binding."

Mr. Crabb read in place a supplement to the act to encourage the manufacture of iron by coke or mineral coal. Also, a bill to regulate the inspection of salted beef and pork.

Mr. Kidder brought in a bill to repeal the act of 16th July, '43, concerning executions.

The following resolution was introduced by Mr. Champneys, and adopted:

Resolved, That the Auditor General be requested to report to the Senate the amount that would be required to pay the semi-annual interest upon certificates of the funded debt of this Commonwealth, issued prior to the 1st of January, 1844, when the amount of such interest on such certificates does not exceed $50.

The report of the Printing Investigation Committee was farther debated.

IN THE HOUSE. Among the memorials presented were several in relation to the Delaware and Tide Water Canal.

A memorial was received from Pittsburg, praying for a law to protect females, who labor for a livelihood, and to fix, by some means, competent wages for their toil. Read and referred to the Committee on Domestic Manufactures.

On a motion from Mr. Dickey, the Committee on the Militia System was required to make inquiry into the expediency of either repealing or modifying the militia laws, and that hereafter said money shall be drawn from the Treasury to support the system.

Mr. Brooke read by title a bill to authorize farmers to sell in the Philadelphia markets meat in less quantities than one quarter.

Mr. Cooper called up on second reading his resolutions proposing ways and means to pay the State debt. These Resolutions, after the declaration that the State faith should be sustained, propose that the public works and stocks should be sold; that the Pennsylvania delegation in Congress is recommended to urge a law for the issue of United States stocks to the amount of $200,000,000, to be distributed among the States to pay their debts, &c., &c.

IN SENATE, Thursday, Feb. 2nd. Among petitions presented, were several for an alteration in the license laws. Among the bills reported, was one to compel the Tide Water Canal Company to receive its own notes. The bill incorporating the Borough of West Philadelphia was taken up and passed final reading. The resolution providing for the furnishing of members with two daily papers was adopted.

A message was received from the Governor, nominating as Associate Judges, Jas. Kennedy, for Washington County, and Thomas Jones, for Chester County, and the Senate adjourned.

IN THE HOUSE. Over an hour was consumed in passing a local election district bill, which regulates the township elections in various counties. Several bills passed, and among those, the bill to re-incorporate the Borough of West Philadelphia, as amended by the Senate, leaving out the Almshouse farm, and the farm of Messrs. Powell, Hare, and others. The payment of the debts of the borough is guaranteed in the bill.

Several bills (of incorporation, &c.,) were reported from standing committees.

Mr. Cooper's resolution in favor of W. Cost Johnson's two hundred million scheme was farther debated.

IN SENATE, Friday, Feb. 3rd. The whole morning was taken up in discussing Mr. Penniman's bill, to divide the City of Philadelphia into wards for the election of councils, &c. Quite a number of petitions were presented, and among them several against any law preventing farmers from selling meat in small quantities in the market of Philadelphia.

IN THE HOUSE, Mr. Tustin offered a resolution, which was adopted, requiring the committee on the Judiciary, to inquire into the expediency of reporting a bill, to protect mechanics, who work by the piece or the day, in the payment of their wages, as is the case of master mechanics under the said law.

Mr. Long reported a bill to erect a new county to be called Mahoning, out of parts of Indiana, Clarion and other counties.

A long and irregular discussion was had upon the resolution from the Senate, providing that each member and officer of the Legislature, should have two daily papers. The reformers bustled stoutly for an hour or more against the measure, but it finally passed, with one amendment. The Senate afterwards concurred, and the bill was sent to the Governor.

IN SENATE, Monday February 5th. Among the petitions presented were: one from citizens of Philadelphia, asking that they may have a law to vote for the adoption or refusal of the city district bill; one for the incorporation of a company to trade in Oregon furs, etc.; one for an investigation into alleged abuses of the Delaware and Hudson Canal Company; several in favor of the suppression of the evil of intemperance, etc., etc.

Mr. Crabb, (committee on improvement,) reported a bill providing for the purchase of trucks for the transportation of section boats on the State works.

Mr. Champney, Committee on Finance, reported a supplement to the act of April 6th, 1830, concerning the collection of taxes on proceedings of courts, etc.

Mr. Mullin read in place, a bill relating to the Board of Revision.

Mr. Farely, one extending the jurisdiction of justices of the peace, in certain cases.

A preamble and resolution were submitted by Mr. Kidder and debated until the hour of adjournment, which look to the means of extinguishing the State debt. The resolution directs the Committee on Finance to inquire into the expediency of passing a law by which citizens who are patriotic enough to desire to pay their portion of the State Debt at once may do so and receive a discharge in full. No question was taken.

IN THE HOUSE a great number of petitions were presented for measures for the suppression of intemperance. A great many petitions were also presented for a law to prevent the sale of meat by Farmers in less quantities than a quarter, in the Philadelphia Market; and a still greater number against it, from citizens of Bucks, Chester and Montgomery.

Petitions were also presented for a modification in the law relating to the inspection of salt provisions at Philadelphia; for a direct tax and a sale of the State Works, to pay off the State debt; for the abolition of capital punishment, and the repeal of the law abolishing imprisonment for debt, for a law to authorize the County Commissioners of Philadelphia to appropriate $10,000 to culvert Cohocsink Creek, in Kensington; and for sundry other matters.

A bill was reported from the Judiciary to abolish capital punishment. The bill to erect a New County out of parts of Washington, Westmoreland, Allegheny and Armstrong, to be called Carroll, passed a second reading. The bill supplementary to the act incorporating the Spring Garden Water Company (providing for damages) passed three readings.

COUNTY BOARD.—The Philadelphia Board, composed of the members of the city and county, held a meeting to-day, in pursuance of a notice of the County Commissioners. Mr. Roumfort acted as President, and Mr. Trego as Secretary.

A communication was received from the County Commissioners, making appropriations, for various purposes, amounting in all to $26,347. All were granted, except $5,100 for damages by riots which was postponed.

IN SENATE, Tuesday, Feb. 6. A great many petitions were presented, and private and local bills taken up.

IN THE HOUSE, a resolution was passed, directing inquiry into the expediency of taxing ardent spirits distilled in the State. The bill to create a new county out of Washington and other counties passed final reading; as did also the joint resolution in favor of an appropriation by Congress to improve the harbor of Erie. The question about the right of the farmers to sell meat in the Philadelphia market was discussed some time, and at length referred to the members from Philadelphia, Bucks, Montgomery, Chester and Delaware counties.

ANOTHER STAPLE.

Not content with doing the immense pork business which has made its name famous, Cincinnati is now going strongly into the egg trade. Five thousand barrels, containing 450,000 dozens, have been shipped from Cincinnati to New Orleans during the past season. Each barrel contains ninety dozens, packed in three bushels of oats, and the average price per barrel, one year with another, is $9. There are four or five houses in the business of egg packing, which was commenced about a dozen years ago.

To many readers this may seem a small item of news; but it is really an important one. Think of $45,000 divided among ten houses in business for the article of eggs only! It is hard work to think of more than a dozen of eggs at a time, and a couple is enough to think of at breakfast—yet here we have them by thousands of barrels. As the country grows older, there will be abundance of other products, now almost unconsidered, which will become great staples. Ten years ago, eggs could be bought at about three cents the dozen in Cincinnati, now they are quoted from twelve to fifteen. Messrs. Gould & Segerson were the beginners of the business in Cincinnati.

Religious Intelligence.

REPORTED FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST.

PLACES OF PUBLIC WORSHIP OPEN ON SUNDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 11th.

PRESBYTERIAN—OLD SCHOOL.—Fourth Church, Twelfth and Lombard street. Seventh Church, Penn Square. North Church, sixth above Green street. Northwest Sabbath School Room, Schuylkill Eighth and Willow streets.

PRESBYTERIAN—NEW SCHOOL.—First Church, Washington Square. Western Church, Filbert and Schuylkill Sixth street. Central Church, Northern Liberties, Coates below Fourth street. Fifth Church, Arch above Tenth street. Eleventh Church, Vine above Twelfth street. First Church, Northern Liberties, Buttonwood street below Sixth. First Church, Southwark, German below Third street. Fairmount Church, Hamiltonville Church.

PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL.—Grace Church, Twelfth and Cherry street. Saint Luke's Church, Thirteenth below Spruce street. Saint John's Church, Brown and Saint John street. Church of the Evangelists, Fifth above Catharine street. Advent Church, (Temperance Hall) Third below Green street. Trinity Church, Catharine above Second street. Immanuel Church, Marlborough street near Prince, Kensington. Church of the Nativity, Spring Garden street below Ridge Road. Saint Mary's Church, Hamiltonville.

FRIENDS.—Meeting House, Arch and Fourth street. Meeting House, Cherry and Fifth street.

ROMAN CATHOLIC.—Saint John's Church, Thirteenth above Chesnut street.

LUTHERAN.—Saint Matthew's Church, New street below Fourth.

GERMAN REFORMED.—First Church, Race street below Fourth.

DUTCH REFORMED.—First Church, Crown street near Race.

MORAVIAN.—Church of the United Brethren, Race and Bread streets.

BAPTIST.—All open but the First Church.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL.—All open on Sunday Evening.

METHODIST PROTESTANT.—All open on Sunday Evening.

UNIVERSALIST.—All open on Sunday Evening.

UNITARIAN.—First Church, corner of Tenth and Locust streets.

SWEDENBORGIAN.—New Jerusalem Chapel, Fourth street below German.

MARINERS.—Mariner's Church, Water street below Walnut. Bethel, corner of Shippen and Swanson street.

DISCIPLES OF CHRIST.—Disciples' Meeting House, corner of Fifth and Gaskill streets. Congregation of Disciples, (Vigilant Hall) Race street below Second.

CHRISTIAN.—Christian Chapel, Christian street below Sixth.

Bank Note List.

CORRECTED FOR THE U. STATES SATURDAY POST BY E. W. CLARK & CO., BROKERS, No. 25 South Third Street.

Philadelphia, February 10th, 1844.

PENNSYLVANIA.	
Philadelphia banks,	par
Man. and Mec. bank,	par
Moyamensing bank,	par
Penn Township bank,	par
U. S. Bank notes,	24a25 dis
Girard do.	10 dis
Pennsyl's do.	par
Germantown,	par
Del. Co. at Chester,	par
Chester Co., W. Chester,	par
Montgomery county,	par
Farmers' bk. Bucks co.	par
Farmers' bk. Reading,	½ dis
Easton,	par
Northampton,	no sale
Lancaster Co. bk.	½ dis
Lancaster bank,	½ dis
Far. bk. Lancaster,	½ dis
Lebanon,	1 dis
Harrisburg,	1 dis
Middleton,	1 dis
Carlisle,	1 dis
Columbia Bridge,	½ dis
Northumberland,	par
Miners' bk. Potts.	1½ dis
W'y'g bk. Wilkesb'e,	2 dis
Pitts. demand notes,	½ dis
" Certificates,	½ dis
" Post notes,	½ dis
Towanda,	85 dis
York,	1 dis
Gettysburg,	1 dis
Chambersburg,	1 dis
Waynesb'g p. notes,	3 dis
" Demand notes,	3 dis
Brownsville p. notes,	1½ dis
" Demand notes,	1½ dis
Erie,	3 dis
Berks county bank,	80 dis
Honesdale,	1½ dis
Bk. Susquehanna co.	40 dis
Lewistown,	1½ dis
Lum. bk. Warren,	no sale
West Branch bank,	6 dis
Dom. Cred. Script,	20 dis
Lehigh Nav. Script,	35
NEW YORK.	
New York City,	½ dis
Tenth Ward bank,	—
Globe bank,	fraud
North River Bank'g Co.	do
City Trust & Bank'g Co.	—
Wool Growers' bank,	25 dis
Millers' bk. of Clyde,	15 do
Far. bk. Seneca co.	50 do
Com. bk. New York,	2 do
Lafayette bank,	2 do
N. Y. Bkg. Co.	60 do
Dry Dock bank,	1 do
N. Am. Trust Co.	2 do
Bank Buffalo,	— do
Lewis Co.	1 do
Com. bk. Buffalo,	55 do
All solvent banks,	½ a 1
Country banks,	½ dis
Except bk of Columbia, Green Co. Hudson, Middleton Districts, Plattsburg, Niagara, Wash. and Warren, Wash. Man. Co.	Broken.
Wayne county bank,	
Mer. and Planters',	
Del. county bank,	fraud
Ex. bk. Po'keepsie,	do
Portsdam Man. Co.	do
Red Backs,	½ dis
Post Notes on the various N. York banks *no value.*	
NEW JERSEY.	
Mechanics' and Manufacturers' bk. Trenton,	par
Princeton bank,	par
State bk at Camden,	par
Cumberland bank,	par
Mount Holly,	par
Salem Banking Co.	par
Monmouth bank,	no sale
N. Hope Del. Bridge,	½ dis
Tren. Banking Co. old,	par
All other banks,	par
Far. and Mec. bank of N. Brunswick	no sale
Hob. Bkg. & G. Co.	broke
Washington Bkg. Co.	do
Franklin bank,	do
Jersey City bank,	do
Monmouth,	do
N. J. Manufac. Co.	do
Protec. and Lobard.	do
State bank at Trenton	do
Bank of N. Brunswick	do
Mec. bk. Paterson,	do
Under $5s.	½ dis
NEW HAMPSHIRE.	
All solvent banks,	1 dis

MAINE.	
Calais bank,	10 a —
Agricultural bank,	do
City bk. Portland,	do
Damariscotta,	do
Mercantile bank,	do
Stillwater Canal bk.	do
Bangor Com. bank,	do
Westbrook bank,	do
Citizens' bank,	do
Globe bank,	do
Washington co.	do
Frankford bank,	do
All solvent banks,	½
VERMONT.	
Bank of St. Albans,	1½
Bk of Bennington,	90 dis
All solvent banks,	½
MASSACHUSETTS.	
All solvent banks,	½
RHODE ISLAND.	
All solvent banks,	½
MARYLAND.	
Baltimore banks,	par
Patapsco bank,	par
Mineral bank,	1 dis
Fredericktown,	½ dis
Hagerstown,	½ dis
Farmers' and Millers', Hagerstown,	no sale
Westminster,	½ dis
Williamsport,	½ dis
Cumberland,	1½ dis
Salisbury,	5 dis
Franklin bank,	5 dis
Susquehanna,	broke
Millington,	broke
Fred. County, bank,	½ dis
Broken bks. various	prices
Baltimore and Ohio R. R. notes,	4 dis
DELAWARE.	
Bank of Delaware,	par
Wilmington and Bran.	par
Farmers' bk. Del.	par
Union bank,	par
Bank of Smyrna,	par
Under $5s,	½ dis
DIS. OF COLUMBIA.	
Washington City,	½ dis
Georgetown,	½ dis
Far. and Mechanics'	½ dis
Alexandria,	½ dis
Bank of Alexandria,	broke
Mechanics' bank,	broke
Franklin bank,	no sale
Mechanics' bank,	do
VIRGINIA.	
Bk of Va. & branches,	½ dis
Farmers' bk & brah's,	½ dis
Valley bk and branch,	½ dis
Ex. bk. and branches,	½ dis
Wheeling,	1½ dis
Wheeling post notes,	1½ dis
NORTH CAROLINA.	
All solvent banks,	1½
Small notes,	2
SOUTH CAROLINA.	
All solvent banks,	1
Small notes,	2
GEORGIA.	
Bank of St. Mary's,	5
Ocmulgee,	—
Monroe R. R.	—
Columbus,	—
Phœnix bank,	—
Exchange bank,	—
Chat. R. R. bank,	—
Central bk of Mill.	
Georgia R. R. Co.	—
Rucker Bkg. Co.	—
All solvent banks,	2a3
ALABAMA.	
All solvent banks,	5 dis
Small notes,	8 dis
OHIO.	
Cincinnati,	1½ dis
Solvent bank notes,	3 dis
ILLINOIS.	
Bank of Illinois,	60 dis
State bank,	40 dis
KENTUCKY.	
Notes,	1½ dis
Small notes,	2½ dis
LOUISIANA.	
All solvent banks,	1 dis
MISSOURI.	
All solvent banks,	1½ dis
INDIANA.	
All solvent banks,	1½ dis
FLORIDA.	
Southern Life and Transportation Co.	—
CANADA.	
Montreal,	

Exchange on New York,	½ dis a ½ prm.
" Boston,	
" Baltimore,	½ dis
Specie,	par
Country Relief Notes,	1½a2 dis

NOTICE.—ALL PERSONS INDEBTED TO the estate of CALEB KNIGHT, late of Byberry Township, Philadelphia county, deceased, are requested to make immediate payment, and those having just demands to present them in order for settlement to

EDWARD CROASDALE, or ISAAC EYRE, Executors. feb 10-6t*

The Markets.

SALES OF STOCKS.

2069 shares	Girard Bank,	7a8¼
536 do.	Phil. Wil. & Balt. R. R.	16¼a16½
268 do.	United States Bank,	5¼
210 do.	Vicksburg Bank,	7¼a8
168 do.	Man. & Mec. Bank,	22¼a23
161 do.	Mechanics Bank,	25¼
70 do.	Commercial Bank, Natchez,	18
54 do.	Far. and Mec. Bank,	41¼
45 do.	Union Bank, Tenn.	62¼
44 do.	Pennsylvania Bank,	242¼a243
40 do.	Penn Township Bank,	27¼
29 do.	Phil. & Trenton R. R.	100
28 do.	New Orleans Gas Bank,	32
24 do.	Moyamensing Bank,	39¼a40
24 do.	Spring Garden Insurance Co.	12¼
22 do.	Planters Bank, Tenn.	69a69¼
10 do.	Reading Railroad,	23
10 do.	Kentucky Bank,	73
10 do.	Mer. & Man. Bank, Pitts.	48¼
2 do.	Schuylkill Navigation Co.	36
$5950	Phil. Wil. & Balt. R. R. 6's, 1835a38,	79¼a80
$3327	50 State 5's,	64¼a65¼
$4100	County 5's, 1860,	97
$2000	Lehigh 6's, 1845,	33
$4000	Tenn. 5's,	85
$4000	Reading R. R. Bonds, 6's,	67¼a69
$6000	Chesapeake and Del. Canal Loan,	43¼
$1832	41 Penna. 6's,	68a69
$400	Penna. 6's, semi-annual,	69
$400	United States Loan, 5's, 1853,	103

PHILADELPHIA MARKET.

Remarks.—The weather since the close of the week has been moderate, accompanied with snow and rain, which has operated very much against business. There are a number of arrivals at the Breakwater that may be expected up in a day or two. Bark—No change. Coffee—Prices are stationary, and the market quiet—no transactions of moment reported—sales of St. Domingo at 6 cts, 4 mos. Cotton—Since the close of the week operations have been limited at steady prices—the news from Liverpool to the 6th ultimo, seems to have very little effect on the market—there is a fair inquiry from the trade, and holders are firm at full prices—we are advised of sales of about 200 bales fair to good quality New Orleans at 10¼a11c on time. Fish—No change to note—Fruit—Malaga bunch raisins have improved—sales at $2,10. Flour has been in better request—we note sales since our last report of two parcels, 500 bbls each, common and fair shipping brands at $4,50—the market is very firm, and very little on sale at this rate, a great part of the stock being limited. The English news has tended to stiffen prices. Rye flour is held at $3,25. Corn meal $2,37½a2,50—but little inquiry for either. Wheat is wanted, last sales of Pa $1—we have a sale reported of 1000 bushels fair southern, in store, at 97c. Corn is scarce—last sales southern yellow, in store, 45 cts, Pa 47 cts. Oats—Sales Pa 31a33c. Lead and Molasses—Nothing doing. Provisions—Further sales from store at last quotations. Cloverseed is dull—Sales of several parcels good quality at $5,75. Flaxseed is scarce—Last sales of American at $1,40a1,42, German $1,48—Timothy we quote at $2a2¼. Linseed Oil—Sales at 76a78½c. Sugar—No stock of Muscovado in first hands—Sales of 40 hhds N. Orleans at 7¼c for fair quality. Whiskey is dull at 19½a20c in hhds, 22c in bbls.

CATTLE MARKETS.

Philadelphia.—Beeves—640 offered—Market extremely dull. Sales at 3¼a4¼ for inferior to fair qualities, 4½a5c for prime cattle—a few extra prime sold for $5,25 per 100 lbs. 109 head driven on to the New York market, and 60 left over. Cows and Calves—130 offered—Sales dull—prices ranging from $15a25. Springers $8a15, dry cows $5a8. Hogs—615 in market—Sales at $4,75a5 per 100 lbs—80 left over. Sheep—1130 offered—Sales of inferior to fair qualities at $1,25a2, prime at $2,50a3,50.

Brighton, near Boston, Jan. 29.—At market, 300 beef cattle, 2100 sheep, and 40 swine. The swine were reported last week. Prices—Beef Cattle—A further advance was effected. We quote a few extra at $4,75a5. First quality $4,25a4,50, second quality $4a4,25, third do $3,50a4. Sheep—Former prices were hardly sustained for a like quality. We quote small lots from $1,50 to 2. Wethers from $2,50 to 3,75. Swine 4 to 6¼c.

Baltimore, Feb. 2.—Prices are a shade better than they were last week, but the number sold were about the same. Something over 600 were taken by butchers and packers at $3,50 to 5 for common to good quality. The supply of hogs is light, and butchers buy only as wanted for immediate use at $4,50. Dressed hogs remain without any perceptible change, $4 to 4,25 per 100 lbs are the extreme prices paid.

Richmond, Feb. 1.—For cattle on the hoof $3 to 4¼, the market well supplied with inferior kinds. Mutton—$1 to 3, according to quality. Pork $4 at the pens. Salters paying $4¼.

Cincinnati, Jan. 31.—Hogs—Very few sales have been effected the past three or four days, owing to the price which holders demand, $2,62a2,80, sales generally have been made at $2,62.

PRICES OF FLOUR AND GRAIN.

The following were the prices of flour, wheat, corn and oats, at the several points named at the latest dates received:

ALMANAC.

Feb. 1844.	SUN RISES	SUN SETS	HIGH WATER	MOON'S PHASES
10 SATURDAY,	6 51	5 9	7 4	
11 SUNDAY,	6 49	5 11	8 0	D. H. M.
12 MONDAY,	6 48	5 12	9 0	
13 TUESDAY,	6 47	5 13	9 59	
14 WEDNESDAY,	6 45	5 15	10 57	Full 4 3 27
15 THURSDAY,	6 44	5 16	11 52	Last 11 12 5
16 FRIDAY,	6 43	5 17	12 45	New 18 3 31
17 SATURDAY,	6 42	5 18	1 25	First 26 4 43

Married,

On the 4th inst. by the Rev. Thomas H. Stockton, Mr. SAMUEL R. EVANS, to Miss ELIZA A. CLIMER, niece of Saml. Allen, Esq. of Philada. county.

On the 4th inst. by the Rev. Thos. Kyle, Pastor of St. Augustine Church, Mr. THOMAS HOWISON, of Luzerne county, Pa. to Miss ANNA TERESA; also, on the 6th inst. by the Rev. Francis Ash, Mr. GEORGE PLUNKETT, of Manayunk, to Miss ELLEN MARIA, daughters of Mr. Peter Deveraux, of this city.

On the 30th ult. by the Rev. W. H. Furness, Mr. C. F. O'DRISCOLL, to Miss ELIZA EDDOWES, both of this city.

On the 18th ult. by the Rev. S. H. Mirrick, Mr. THOS. PARTRIDGE, of this city, to Miss ELIZABETH LINGERMAN, formerly of Bustleton.

On the 1st inst. by the Rev. Mr. Jos. Castle, Mr. CLEMENT A. BORDEN, of Upper Pennsneck, Salem county, N. J. to Miss EMILY C. daughter of Mr. John M. Sailer, of this city.

On the 1st inst. by the Rev. Mr. Janeway, Mr. ABIJAH L. KNIGHT, to Miss AMANDA F. SINGER, all of Spring Garden.

On the 1st inst. by the Rev. Richard Newton, Mr. ALFRED L. MORRIS, of Trenton, to Miss MARY E. WILLIAMS, of this city.

On the 1st inst. by the Rev. Jas. H. Kennard, Mr. WM. BAINS, of this city, to Miss SUSAN EPINGER, of Montgomery county.

On the 1st inst. by J. M. Cannon, Mayor, Mr. WM. MEREDITH, of Plymouth Township, Montgomery county, to Miss MARGARET AARON, of Norriton Township, and same county.

On the 21st ult. by the Rev. Wm. Urie, Mr. WM. J. SMITH, to Miss MARY A. LAMBERT, both of this city.

On the 1st instant, by Elder Frederick Plummer, Mr. CHARLES BROOKER, to Mrs. MARY BROWN, all of this city.

On the 30th ult. by Ald. C. Brazer, Mr. SAML. LEWIS, of Chester county, Pa. to Miss REBECCA STELLWAGGON, of Montgomery county.

On the 31st ult. by the Rev. A. Converse, Mr. LEWIS PAYNTER, to Miss ELIZABETH J. STEWART, both of Wilmington, Del.

On the 30th ult. by the Rev. J. L. Burrows, FRED. W. YOUNG, to ROSANNA POILET, all of this city.

On the 30th ult. by the Rev. John W. Grier, of the U. S. Navy, Capt. YOUNG, of Cape May, to Miss HARRIET B. daughter of Eli B. Wales, of Cold Spring, N. J.

On the 30th ult. by the Rev. E. L. Janes, JAS. P. HERBERT, to EMILY SONOWAY, both of Bordentown, N. J.

On the 30th ult. by the same, JAS. ANDERSON, to JANE CASKEY, both of this city.

On the 30th ult. by the same, THEODORE D. H. WENDER, of Germantown, Pa. to MARY JAGGARD, of Gloucester county, N. J.

On the 1st inst. by the Rev. J. Castle, THOS. W. DERRICKSON, to Miss ELIZABETH WHITE, both of Philada.

By the Rev. Geo. Chandler, on the 25th ult. Mr. JOSIAH ABBOTT, to Miss CAROLINE MOOD.

In Indiana, on the 17th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Skillman, THOMAS P. M'CREA, formerly of Philadelphia, to ADELINE, daughter of Ebenezer Berry, Esq. formerly of Albany, N. Y.

Died,

On the 5th inst. Miss MARY A. CANTER, daughter of the late Jacob Canter.

On the 2d inst. Mrs. ISABELLA FORD, in the 70th year of her age.

On the 4th inst. MARY A. LEVERING, daughter of Mrs. Matilda F. and Robert Neely, deceased, aged 3 years, 4 months and 3 days.

On the 6th inst. EMMA, daughter of Jacob and Caroline Stratton, aged 4 years and 1 month.

On the 3d inst. ELEANOR LOWRY, in the 82d year of her age.

In Bordentown, N. J. on the 3d inst. of pulmonary consumption, ELEANOR M. wife of James W. Thorn, and daughter of Joseph Lafetra, in the 27th year of her age.

On the 4th inst. ALBERT DUY, only son of Richard L. and Julia E. Out, aged 13 months and 20 days.

On the 2d inst. CHARLES, son of Melin and Anna M. Grubb, aged 9 years and 4 months.

On the 4th instant, DONNA MARIA DE LA O. MONTANO, widow of the late Mr. Le Roy, in the 68th year of her age.

On the 4th inst. ELIZA KIRKPATRICK, in the 66th year of her age.

On the 3d inst. THOMAS P. infant son of John and Catharine Funk, in the 2d year of his age.

On the 3d inst. Mr. BENJ. HOPPER, in the 68th year of his age.

On the 4th inst. CHARLES WESLEY, son of Charles and Rebecca Mitchell, in the 5th year of his age.

On the 3d inst. JOHN ANDREWS.

On the 4th inst. Mr. JOHN SHERVEN, in the 24th year of his age.

THE LEADING WEEKLY NEWSPAPER.

UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST.

This well established periodical, the name of which has so long been a household word in every part of the Union, continues its claims upon the favor of the reading public. No effort which industry in the business department, enterprise in the arrangements for the provision of matter, and careful consultation of the progress of the public taste can suggest, is omitted to make the POST acceptable to every member of a well ordered family. Deeming

PURITY OF MORALS

the great safeguard of private happiness and public prosperity, the conductors carefully exclude from its columns every thing, however brilliant in

LITERARY MERIT

which may reasonably be objected to in the score of objectionable tendency. The fields of pure literature afford sufficient material to make an

ACCEPTABLE FAMILY NEWSPAPER

contain ALL THE ELEMENTS OF EXCELLENCE, without a single objectionable line; and it is the greatest pride of the UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST that no head of a family need hesitate to let its columns go under the notice of any member of his household. The GENERAL FEATURES of the paper include—

TALES, ORIGINAL AND SELECTED,

chosen for their lessons of life, illustrations of history, depicture of manners and general merit, and adapted in their variety to the tastes of both sexes, and of all ages. Particular attention is paid to the advancement of knowledge relative to

AMERICAN HISTORY, LIFE AND MANNERS,

as the past files of the paper will show. Some of the most popular American Tales and Novellettes which have ever appeared in the periodicals of this country have originated in the Philadelphia Saturday Post. And while American themes are more particularly our favorites, the productions of

FAVORITE EUROPEAN WRITERS

are canvassed, and such articles selected from time to time, as come within our scope. Nor is the handmaid of sterner literature—Poetry—forgotten—for some of the most delightful

POETRY, SELECTED AND ORIGINAL,

which has ever been presented to the attention of American newspaper readers, has been given through the columns of the POST. The publishers appeal with pride to the

ESTABLISHED REPUTATION

of this paper, and it will be the endeavor of those concerned to make it continue, what it has been for over twenty years,

THE FAVORITE FAMILY JOURNAL.

While these characteristics of a Literary Magazine are presented, the other essentials of the publication will not be forgotten, and in its inner pages the paper will present the characteristics of a

CAREFULLY PREPARED NEWSPAPER,

containing all current intelligence of interest or importance, but carefully avoiding such details of crime as serve only to familiarize readers with it, to no possible good purpose.

AGRICULTURAL MATTER

will occupy a portion of the columns, and our Farmer readers will be treated to such articles as are continually presenting themselves to the attention of the agriculturalist in these days of improvement. If the

PENS OF ABLE WRITERS

engaged expressly for this journal, and the results of long experience in catering for the public taste can continue the present prosperity of the Post (and more the publishers cannot desire) its course will still be onward.

FIVE HUNDRED AND SEVENTY-FIVE DOLLARS

are this winter distributed in Prizes for original matter—FOUR HUNDRED having been awarded for Prize Stories, and ONE HUNDRED AND SEVENTY-FIVE for Prize Poems.

THE EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT

Sacred Poetry.

THOUGHTS WHILE MAKING THE GRAVE OF A NEW-BORN CHILD.

BY N. P. WILLIS.

Room, gentle flowers! my child would pass to heaven!
Ye look'd not for her yet with your soft eyes,
Ye smiled, unbid, where Death's encamped to-day!
But he, while you delay to let her bud,
Will have her blossom for the land of light.
Earth has ill room for aught that is not dark,
Wrong after anguish had dried up with fire
The tears that wept, before the ray of life
Shall as a welcome to her. Weep! oh mother!
But not that from the cup of bitterness
A chamber of the city has tasted away!

One look upon the face ere they depart!
My daughter! It is sure to let thee go!
My daughter! With the light from the world's spring
I threw her of—filling her heart with tears,
And stirring with strange tenderness to thine!
A face—Oh God! it comes—for, most free
For us, from heat, and frost, and storm, and sin,
Housel-proof, in a bright and yearning clime
Where Love is Life, and Life is Love, and Death
Is the sweet world, in which affection knows
To pause in reverence on its treasure, and
Say for the grave? Then, why so late and strange
Warm in the close fold of a mother's heart,
Pressing to stop down the rose, and warming
That it may rest there with more tender strength,
How can I leave thee here? How for one
The look in its humidity may fall
And waste into the blind mould on which
While we—by hands that ministered to life
Nothing, before we are trusted to its night—
The earth flung in upon our just cold bosoms!
And the warm sunshine looketh on forever!

Yet here I cheerer for thy grave, my child,
A leafy bower I know for its summer hours,
And thought how little it would seem, the death
To Jesus could make blossoms. The lamb
Tripping with laughter down the rocky steps
To the cool water, and the child at play
Thinking the thread of the sun-beam was given
That birds are never silent that build here.
Trying to sing down the music, many waters
The singe is beautiful with moss and flowers,
And for thee!—sweet mother! Hast for one
Glitters the warm sun on the village spire,
Painting the living color—for thee
Seems like a comfort, and effective heave
The flowers that have made room for them! I go
To whisper the same peace to her who lies
Where the long shadow of the church is at work
At many a dark hour, and of mercy and love
To bring the heart back from an silent grief.
Hope upon love o'er, and keep heart hot
The images from all the silent rooms,
And the sweet sight and sound familiar on her
Undo its accustom task—and so at last
The heaviness—that comes with new flow forever—
Will hide and weave in silence. When the smile
Has settled on the pallid lips, and when
Patience the heart shall have learned of rest,
Then, and not till then, will the grave be dear.
Look on each other—Father, and mother, look
A child that we have lost it gone to heaven,
And by that grave of Summer, let pass'd away.

The Flogging Times

A NEW WAY TO PAY OLD DEBTS.

The master of the grammar-school in a burgh in the central district of Scotland, about seventy years ago, was a worthy Trojan of the name of Hackit, a complete specimen of the thrashing pedagogues of the last age. Masters were would scarcely credit the traditional stories which are told of this man's severity, or believe that such merciless punishments could have been allowed to take place in a country and age by the United ours then was. Heavy and repeated applications of a stripped cloth called the taws to the tender hands of delinquents were matters of familiar occurrence. Skulls, as these were called, were nothing. But Hacket would also, twenty times a day, lay victims across the rod of the table, and thrash as long as he could hold with the one hand and lay on with the other. Hercules was one of his highest intelligence was nauseous, and he had an ingenious mode of torturing no himself by causing the boys to clap their scrubbing brushes between their two distant hands, while he endeavored to excite the thinking faculties by bringing a fence to bear from behind. Thomson, Lord Erskine and his brother Henry were brought up at this school, and remembered Hacket's severity through life, complaining particularly that it was all one whether they were a dull or a bright boy, for if the former, you were thrashed for your own proper demerits, and if you were bright, you had a monstrous sharp sound to the taws when he gave you and suffered for all the short-comings of your inferiors. We wonder at all this now; but the wonder is very unjustified. There was then no such thing as a prevalent notion that severity to children was salutary and beneficial, nay, indispensable, and that, if you all jerked your son or your pupil, it was your first and most solemn duty to enable him to give him a sound strapping on all possible occasions. Flogging was simply one of the bigotries of our grandfathers.

Amongst Hacket's pupils was a boy who had come from a distance, and was boarded with a family in the town. His name for the present is Anderson. The youth, placed far from his friends, felt the ruthless severity of Hacket very keenly, and, as he was no coward, a proud boy, he was both well strapped himself, and probably the cause of much strapping to others. Hacket, a bully of a reserved and reflecting character, he had little of his sufferings in any of the same manner; but the stripe sank into his very soul, and, secretly, nothing could be more fixed than the resolve and indignity with which he was treated, he conceived the most deadly sentiments of revenge against his master. To get these unbreaked out in present circumstances was impossible: but he determined to take the first opportunity that occurred, and in the mean time to nurse his wrath, so that time should not interfere in favor of a tyrant, who seemed to him to deserve the utmost vengeance that could be inflicted.

Anderson, like so many other Scottish youth, was thoughtful of an early age to India, where he served for twenty-five years, during which he never once was able to spend his income above. Having now attained a competency, and settled his affairs, he returned to Scotland, in order to spend there the remainder of his life: and it was said he believed that he still cherished his scheme of vengeance against Hacket; but the fact is that he did not, and this indeed is what gives any value to the anecdote we are relating—it is curious only as a genuine instance of a feeling preserved in much beyond the term usually assigned to human feelings. He came himself to be purchased a short but effective whip—he journeyed to the town where he had been educated, and, establishing himself in the inn, sent a polite message to Hacket (who was still in the vigor of life, though retired from active duty), inviting to dine at that afternoon with a gentleman who had once been his pupil. All seemed now in train for a retributory vexation upon the equivocal fate of the gentleman; and the reader may be trembling for the consequences of a revenge so much beyond the limit of all reasonable resentments.

Oh! He had dressed himself that day in his best—ruffles at the wrists, and silver buckles in his shoes—expecting from the appearance of the man-servant who delivered the message, an entertainment of a recherche kind from one who, no doubt, felt a difficulty in expressing his gratitude for the unspeakable benefits of a most flagitatory education. He was ushered into a room where he saw a table prepared for dinner. A gentleman presently entered, and, in his surprise, turned and deliberately locked the door, putting the key into his pocket. Then, taking down a whip from the mantle-piece, that gentleman came storming up to the miserable school-master, and asked if he had any recollections of him. No,' said the teacher. 'Then, sir, I shall instruct that you remember me forever after: do you recollect a boy at such a school twenty-five years ago of the name of Walter Anderson?' 'I dare say I do.' 'Then, sir, I am that Walter Anderson, to whom came to punish you for the many unmerited thrashings which you gave me at school. They were savage at, and only remedy thing of the whole kind one requisite thing, and the time I was in India. I never allowed this design to lie dormant for a moment, and now the time for its execution and pleasure come. Sir, this moment, and let me do full justice upon you.' Remember, a altogether a man, for the people here are all in my pay. Entreaty is equally vain, for nothing on earth could induce me to let you escape.'

Hacket, it may well be believed, was in a dreadful panic, for he saw that he was in the hands of a man not to be trifled with. He began, however, almost in human nature, and pressed pleas of presence of mind. Well, well,' said he, 'that is a bad business; but I suppose it is true that I was rather severe long ago with my taws: and as I must just submit, I see, however, that preparations have been made for dinner, and as I appear to be a gentleman, I cannot suppose that you intended me here to the meal without intending to give me one. Now, if it is the same thing to you, I should much prefer having dinner first, and the looking afterwards.' Done, said he as he put the whip down.

The man of vengeance was taken by surprise, assented, through cowardly receiving that nothing should in the long-run benefit him of his treachery. They sat down, and that dinner and wine passed excellent. Hacket began to talk of old times, and of some boys who had been fellow-pupils with his host, also of many sports and frolics in which Anderson appeared to have had indulged. He told what he had learned of the subsequent fortunes of many of these youths, and gradually engaged Anderson into a relation of his own history. The whole bearing of the old man was so cheerful, so sympathizing, and so entertaining, that Anderson, like the gluttony sullen, felt himself gradually disposed of the spirit which so long animated him. It became evidently an absurdity to think of lashing a nearly-dressed old gentleman who seemed to be the very think of good humor. Once or twice he spontaneously endeavored to re-awaken the flagging emotions of destruction, but it would not do—another dull chatty story from the pathagetical filled them down again at once. By and bye he gave way entirely to the spirit of the hour, and ceased to think of his whip or its intended performance.

Hacket got home that night in perfect safety, for Mr. Anderson insisted upon escorting him to his own door.

TALENT ACQUIRED.—As it is in the body, so it is in the mind; practice makes it what it is, and none even of the most powerful minds are to be looked on as natural endowments, will be found, when examined into closely, to be only, in the first conduct of exercise, and to be raised to that which only few attain, by habit. Nature does not ransacked for possessions in raillery, others for apologies and opposite diver——ions. This is apt to be taken for the effect of pure talent, and that the rather because it is not got by rules; but those who really look into the world never purposely set themselves to the study of it as an art to be learnt. Be not it is true, that at first some lucky hit which took with some body, and which, therefore, was repeated, encouraged him to try again, inclined his thoughts and endeavors that way, till at last he insensibly got a facility in it without perceiving how, and that is attributed wholly to nature which was the effect more the effect of use than practice.—Locke.

Selected Articles.

REVOLUTIONARY MAGNANIMITY.

A few weeks ago, we published an account of the tardy justice of Government in following to Deacon Nathan Beers, of New Haven, the arrears of a pension due him, amounting to $3,360, and the continuance of the stipend to the sum of $600. The one which this noble-minded old gentleman made of the money thus unexpectedly obtained, will be seen from the annexed letter, copied from the New Haven Palladium.

Deacon Beers was an officer of the line, and paymaster of the regiment in which he was attached, throughout the revolutionary war. Subsequently he was of merchandise in New Haven, and steward of Yale College. In 1820 he failed in business, and his property was heavily sufficient to pay the claims of pure honorable creditors. He lived, however, with scrupulous economy, and from the income of his small pension, about ten years since, he paid his remaining creditors the principal of their demands. He is now ninety years of age; and though his mind is clear, and he has a vigorous life, he was compelled to submit on a very meagre income from Government. It has been borne up against the frowns of fortune with unabated cheerfulness of mind, and health unimpaired.

The letter of his creditors indicates that they fully appreciate the nobleness of soul which impelled the good old man to appropriate his newly-acquired resource to the payment in full of claims long since deemed cancelled.—*Journal.*

Copy of a letter addressed to Deacon NATHAN BEERS, *of New Haven.*

NEW HAVEN, Sept. 7, 1842.

Dear Sir:—We have received, by the hands of your son, the sum of three thousand dollars directed to be paid to us, being avails of a pension recently granted you by the United States, in consideration of your services as an officer in the army of the Revolutionary Revolution; and we cannot permit the occasion to pass without offering our thanks for your generosity. We say *liberality*—for though it is true that many years since we were your creditors, we did not had long ceased to have any view of the law; and after the several payments received from you, we supposed you would consider the claims cancelled in every point of light, as we considered did. But your present action shows most conclusively, that though legal rules, and the principles which ordinarily govern men in their intercourse with each other, would discharge us, your honorable mind was not satisfied with that course. To you it appeared that the demands still existed in equity, and that you had long since fully met the obligation of them could be thoroughly discharged only by such payment in full. Acting upon these impressions, you have addressed to us the note which we have just received; and while, in conformity with your wish, we recognize those advances as payment of our debts, we must at the same time be permitted to express to you the high admiration of generosity, resulting from a most delicate sense of duty. The noble qualities of the members of the army of the Revolutionary Revolution, which achieved the Independence of our Country, and created that which you have so long and well appreciated by the friends of liberty and virtue in all lands; and the present proceedings of your part furnishes new proof that though age may diminish the brightness of the Revolutionary eye, it gives increased energy to the honor and integrity of the Revolutionary heart.

We are, dear Sir, with great respect and esteem, your much obliged friends and servants.

Henry Hillhouse, James Hillhouse, Jr., James Townsend, for estate of Isaac Townsend, Hannah Dean, Mrs. Eliza Kay, Jeanette Davis, Mrs. Eliza Kay, Jane Gorham, Caleb Mix, for Tuttle & Mix, Edward Goodrich, Mrs. Sarah Goodrich, and Henry Huggins, Asa Bradley.

To Deacon Nathan Beers, New Haven, Conn.

THE SONG OF THE SHIRT.

With fingers weary and worn,
With eyelids heavy and red,
A woman sat, in unwearingly rage,
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Stitch! stitch! stitch!
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"Oh! Men, with Sisters dear!
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It is not linen you're wearing out,
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But why do I talk of Death,
That Phantom of grisly bone,
I hardly dare to think of his name,
It seems so like my own—
It seems so like my own
Because of the fasts I keep;
Oh, God! that bread should be so dear,
And flesh and blood so cheap!

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With the sky above my head
And the grass beneath my feet,
For only one short hour!
Only one short hour!
Before I leave the ware of want,
And the woe that is sister to need,
Oh! but for one short hour!
A respite however brief!
No blessed leisure for Love or Hope,
But only time for Grief!
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"The poor-house looked to me pretty bigger into a awe eye. Crops will fail in all sold, and there will be hundreds of poor in a famine. Besides, I always took notice that whenever I felt the most self-pity myself, and that the rather because it is not got by rules; and those who really look into the world never purposely set themselves to the study of it as an art to be learnt. But yet it is true, that at first some lucky hit which took with somebody, and which, therefore, was repeated, encouraged him to try again, inclined his thoughts and endeavors that way, till at last he insensibly got a facility in it without perceiving how, and that is attributed wholly to nature which was the effect more the effect of use than practice.—Locke.

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☞ Thirdly. That you have been in too much haste to become rich. Slow and easy wins the race.

☞ Fourthly: That no course of life can be depended upon as always prosperous but a strictly honest one. Many a working man in America have a notion that nobody would go to ruin on this side the water. Prosperity has greatly blessed us, but we have become prosperous.

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The old man ceased, and Sammy put on his apron, and told Dick to blow away at the forge bellows.

WE ARE BRETHREN A'.

FROM POEMS BY ROBERT NICOLL. TAIT, EDINBURGH.

A happy lot hae the auld world would be,
If folk could think and act as they agree,
Or, ilk and to his neighbor, in outrage an' ha',
Were a' we're bound to be—we are brethren a'.

I hae no why nae we sudder should fight,
When to grow would make a body cease ser sight,
Or why we should hate ane anither, as ane can ask,
To see, "Gie's nae your hand—we are brethren a'."

Wi' cauld ice in winter, an' sweers nae to fire,
And I mean drink water, while you may drink wine,
But we hae baith a leal heart, and leal min' within,
See gie's nae your hand—we are brethren a'.

We hae been at worship baith in field an' fane,
Ye would stand like a rock, wi' the truth on your side,
An' I wad stand firm, wi' the truth on my side,
Then gie's nae your hand—we are brethren a'.

Ye would scorn to tell me an untruth to my face,
I hand by the right aye, as well as I can,
We're nane in our dealings that ever need fear,
Come gie's nae your hand—we are brethren a'.

Ony mither hae ye had an auldness nae to be?
An' mine has done for me what mithers can do;
Ye hae had a leal heart, and leal hame to hide in,
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Ye hae been at schule and college baith, like me,
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REVOLUTIONARY INCIDENT.

A correspondent of the Lowell Courier, relates the following incident, which is said to have occurred in what is now called Lowell, in revolutionary times:

Long ago, Timothy Brown, a wealthy man, owned and kept the tavern on what is now High Street, near the Concord River. His mansion yet stands, (a monument of fallen greatness,) unoccupied, and the Concord River crossed over the Concord river, near by, at Brown's Ferry.

One evening in September, 1780, there put up at that tavern a stranger, who came on horseback, with his baggage, as usual in those days, all of his own. He called for his bill on arrival, he was taken sick, and the third day died. In examining the contents of his valise, were found papers in several leading Irishmen in Londonderry, N. H., and also in the list of opposers of the "war," and friendly to the enemy. These papers were directed to New York, and the bearer was transmitting them to give the enemy information respecting the movements of the American armies. Mr. Dennis O'Haly, for that was his name, although but recently in their midst, had so endlessly screwed in his treasonable designs and conduct, that he was a dead Englishman. They therefore took his dead body, and after carrying it about one hundred rods down the river, buried it under an oak tree, on the left hand side of the old road, not far from the brick yard. A wooden slab was placed over his grave, and the following inscription, put on with paint, was legible for many years after:

Dennis O'Haly
Ruffus Tory
From New York
Died at Lord Londonderry
Died at Tim Brown's Tavern
Near the Ferry

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